

# The Sketch



No. 602.—Vol. XLVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



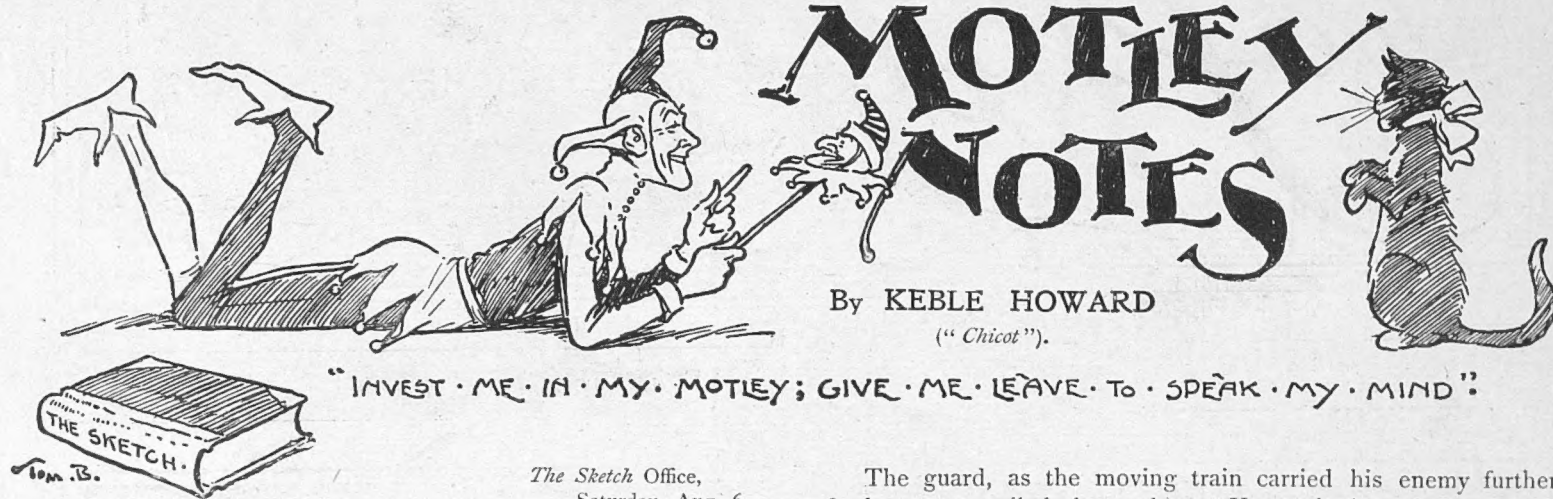
MR. WILLIE EDOVIN AS SERGEANT BRUE AND MISS MILLIE LEGARDE AS LADY BICKENHALL.

[Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Co.]

A SCENE FROM "SERGEANT BRUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

SERGEANT BRUE: *The first time I met you I was on duty outside Rabbits', the boot-shop, and I turned all the traffic into Berkeley Square to let you pass.*





The Sketch Office,  
Saturday, Aug. 6.

THE dear, silly little Londoner, I suppose, will never really learn the art of keeping cool. Augusts may come and Augusts may go, but he will still think it necessary to puff out his cheeks as he walks, tug irritably at his collar, thrust his hat to the back of his head in order to pull it forward again, avoid the sustaining foods to which he is accustomed, and abstain from the sensible drinks which would help him to battle with the feeling of depression that so often comes over him when the weather is really hot. The heat-wave is a powerful enemy, and the only way to overcome the fellow is by means of passive resistance. Try to dive through him and he will swamp you: stand perfectly still and he will flow over your head, leaving you little or none the worse for the ducking. Some of his tricks, by the way, are dangerously subtle. He may endeavour, for example, to wash you from the Rock of Smiling Calm by showing you, deep down in the treacherous depths, that enticing treasure known as the Easily Disproved Assertion. Don't be tempted, little Londoner. There are, in the sea, as good opportunities for a display of superior knowledge as ever came out of it. Let the jewel lie.

Again, when battling with the heat-wave, never try to sustain a metaphor. Anyway, I'm not going to.

It chanced, on one of the hottest days of last week, that I found myself travelling on a certain southern line that, as long as I can remember, has proved itself an invaluable source of fun to pantomime and musical-comedy comedians the country over. Between two of the stations, oddly enough, the train attained a sufficiently high rate of speed to cause the carriage to rock rather alarmingly from side to side. When we came to a standstill, therefore, I was not surprised to hear a gentleman in the next compartment calling loudly for the guard. Popping my head out of the window, I saw that he was a man of fifty-five or thereabouts, red-faced, and fiercely moustached: the very type, in short, of the half-pay Army officer.

"Guard!" he shouted. "Guard! Guard! Guard!"

All down the train there were heads thrust forth from windows. In the far distance, the guard, a smiling, sunlit figure, was watching two less fortunate porters wrestling with unwieldy milk-cans.

"Guard!" yelled the old soldier again. "Guard! Come here, guard!"

"What's matter?" murmured the guard, beginning to wonder whether it would really be necessary to walk all that distance on so hot a morning.

"Come here, guard!" commanded the ex-officer in as fierce a tone as, even in his best days, he could ever have used on parade. "Come here at once!"

The guard, unwillingly, drew a few yards nearer. "What's matter?" he asked a second time.

"Come up here, man! This carriage is not properly coupled. I thought we should have been over every moment! You must have it screwed up before we go on or I shall report the matter to the Directors."

The guard, shading his eyes with his hand, glanced at the couplings. "I don't see nothing wrong," he observed, contentedly.

"Then look the other end, man! I tell you the couplings are not properly screwed up. Look the other end at once!"

Hunching his shoulders philosophically, the guard looked at the other couplings. "That's all right," he pronounced. Then, without more ado, he waved his flag, blew his whistle, and waited for his van to draw level.

"I'll make a note of it!" shrieked the old soldier, mad with rage. "It's scandalous, I tell you! I shall certainly make a note of it!"

The guard, as the moving train carried his enemy further and further away, smiled pleasantly. "You make just whatever notes you think fit," he assented.

As a matter of fact, the carriage kept the rails. The incident, however, had caused a delay that was destined to be the first of a series. A few stations nearer town, for instance, the engine-driver met a friend. Thus it happened that, when the guard blew his whistle, the train remained stationary. Again the whistle sounded, loud and shrill. The engine-driver was still discussing the merits and demerits of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. Yet a third time the guard urged upon his colleague the necessity for immediate departure. The engine-driver, at last taking the hint, grasped his friend by the hand.

"Well, old man," he said, regretfully, "I ought to be getting along."

"See yer again soon," replied the friend.

"Ah, I shall be round 'ere about the same time termorrer."

"Come on, Bill," growled the guard. "We can't be waitin' about all day, yer know."

"Keep yer 'air on, old son." And off we went.

Some two hours later we reached London, just one hour behind time. On the whole, I am bound to say, the journey had been an interesting one. Perhaps the most trying time was the quarter-of-an-hour that we waited within a hundred yards of the terminus.

I have heard it said, and said by those who should know, that the historical novel has had its day. Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that the public have tired of so romantic a setting, or that the stylists are content to abandon so effective a medium. Take, for example, "Captain Fortune," the new romance by Mr. Marriott Watson. Here is a book which relies for its interest, to a great extent, on the grace and charm of the writing, these qualities, in their turn, being largely dependent on the fact that the story takes place in the time of the great Civil War. Long ere this Mr. Marriott Watson has proved himself a master of the musical phrase, a dexterous weaver of delicate word-tapestries. In "Captain Fortune" there is all the old cunning: the literary sense responds to the beauty of the prose-poems just as the musical sense responds to a series of exquisite melodies. Here, if I may quote, is a passage that seems to me to convey, in a few words, the very spirit of a night spent in the open: "The pallid lamps of heaven shone weakly. A gust was scouring the face of the moor, and penetrated even to their quiet refuge. The stars seemed to go out in mist, and then again they flickered above. . . . There was some thrill in the air, in the night, which she could not interpret. Did it come from the silent stars or from the mysterious wind? Or was it rained from the incommunicable skies?" One cannot get such effects, you know, in erotic novels of hotel life.

In a recent number of *T. P.'s Weekly* I came across an illuminating article, entitled "A Bachelor's Housekeeping." The writer—a very bold young person—strove to show that "he is a poor sort of man who cannot be independent of woman." Then he went on to declare that the way to be independent of woman was to cook one's own breakfast in one's own flat. Even the difficulties of "washing up," it seemed, might be overcome. And how do you suppose this intrepid bachelor, dealing quite seriously with a very serious subject, proposed to overcome these difficulties? "To avoid the bother of daily washing up," he wrote, "it is merely necessary to multiply your utensils. Have three or half-a-dozen tea-pots, so that you can use them one after another until the charwoman comes and washes the lot." Though independent of woman, you will observe, he admitted that the charwoman must sometimes call in and wash up the formidable array of dirty tea-pots. What a subject, truly, for a pathetic painting—"Waiting for the Charwoman"!



KING SOL IN THE SOLENT: SOME TYPICAL SKETCHES AT COWES.







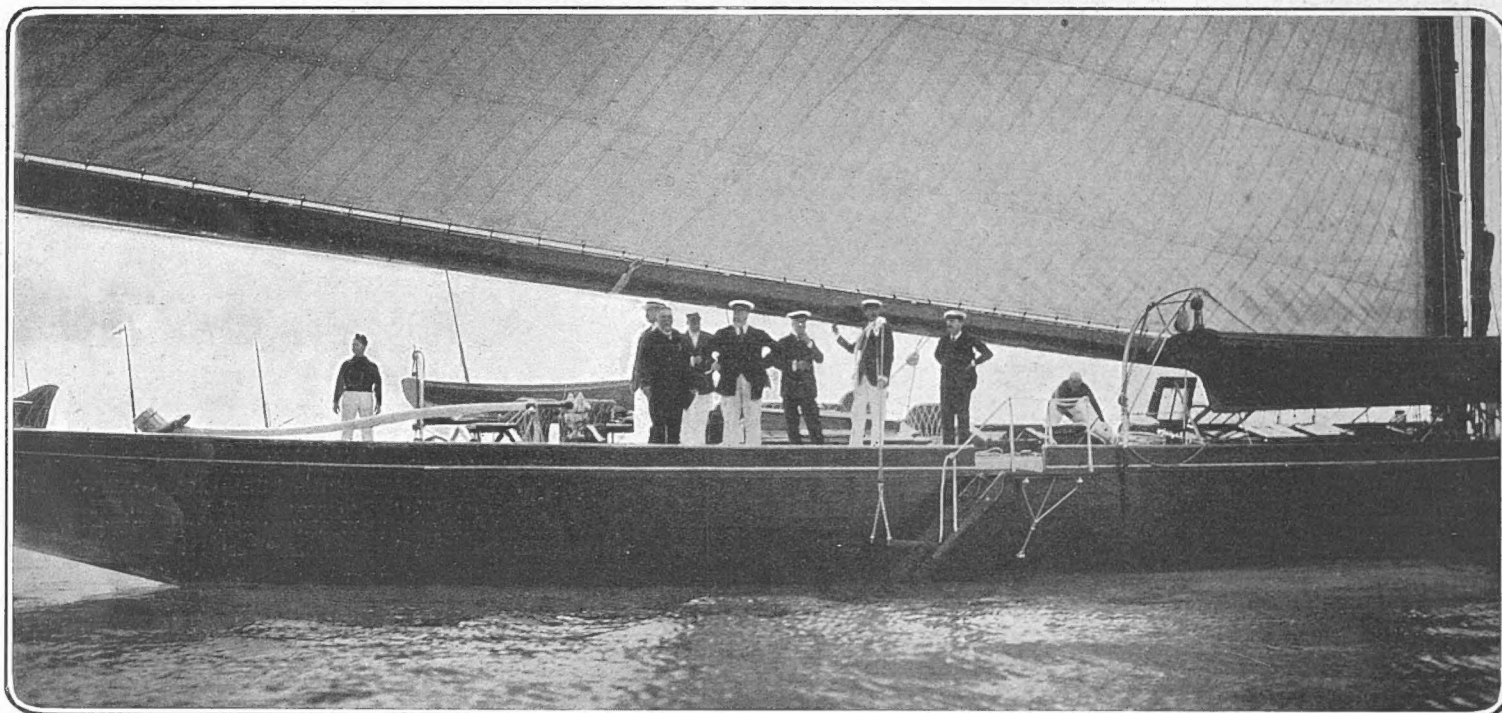
*The Heat-Wave—Common-sense in Clothes—The Russian Retirement.*

"INDIA in April" was what Anglo-Indians said of the heat-wave of last week, and our climate certainly did show a certain resemblance to that of the East before the great heats come with the summer months. We English feel the effects of a scorching or a stewing day in England infinitely more than we do in India, or China, or the Straits, because all our houses are built to resist cold, wet weather, not great heat, because our servants are trained to keep rooms warm, not to keep them cool, and because we have only one cut of garments. In India the servants at sunrise shut the cool air into the house and the rooms are kept dark all the day, a broad verandah shutting off the sun from their walls, and the air being kept on the move either by a punkah or by a wheel which forces the exhausted atmosphere out, and thus draws in a breeze through the

biggest of print on a million "contents bills." A Chinaman who is longing to get away from a besieged port does not go for a tour of the land defences to see how the fighting is going on before he goes on board the junk which is to run the blockade, and the rumours of an Eastern bazaar are the finest form of fiction. Yet most of our news in England, so far as Port Arthur is concerned, is what a Chinese coolie thought he heard a Russian say, and told his friends in the bazaar.

The enormous losses, both of the Russians and Japanese, of which we have read during the past week have, no doubt, been greatly exaggerated, but the two armies which are opposed to each other will in attack and defence lose more men without breaking up into undisciplined rabble than probably any other armies in the world. The Russians have long ago given proof of their power to stand punishment, and a Russian army can never be considered beaten until thirty per cent. of its men are *hors de combat*. In some actions the Russians have lost more before they acknowledged defeat. The Japanese have shown extraordinary courage in attack, and, as every man goes into action prepared to meet death, no amount of carnage short of annihilation seems to check their onslaught.

By the time these lines are in print the greatest battle of the war will probably have been fought, though its result may not be known. My impression is that Kuropatkin will slip out of the Japanese nut-crackers which are closing on him, with the loss of guns and stores, and, perhaps, with that rear-guard which went on the hare-brained venture towards Port Arthur cut off as well. I find it instructive to



THE KING.

THE KING AT COWES: HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA."

*Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.*

damped "cus-cus" shutters. In England we open our windows and beg the heated air of noonday to come in.

Had England been India last week, everybody would have gone to their almshouses for their sensible summer-clothes. Men would have dressed in light shirts of silk, or web, or cotton, cut very easy at the neck, and would have worn unstarched white linen or silken coats and trousers. The ladies would have been equally lightly and sensibly clad. One of my hostesses last week pressed me to drink port at lunch, as she considered it sustaining against heat, and begged me to eat a hearty meal. In India no one would have dreamed of eating anything during the day, except fruit and toast and some cold meat or an *entrée* at lunch-time, making their one real meal in the cool of the evening, and drinking nothing after the cup of tea at Chota Hazri except very weak and very long whiskies-and-sodas with an immense amount of ice in them.

This generation has not yet quite recognised that ice in hot weather is a necessity of life, and not a luxury. The Americans understood this long ago, and one of the best-supported charities across the Atlantic is an association for giving the poor of the great cities ice during the great heats of summer. Little chips of ice swimming in warm water in a shallow glass dish take with us the place of the great lumps cut from a rock of ice kept handy in a thick blanket in the ice-chest of an Indian house, and we have not yet learned the art of keeping our summer drinks almost at freezing temperature, as is done in the smallest American wayside inn.

Never was a war carried on with such scanty news of its progress as this war in Manchuria. Every Chinaman who escapes from Port Arthur to Chefoo is examined and cross-examined, and what he says, or is made to say, is telegraphed all over the world, and appears in the

read what the experts in the French papers write, as well as what our English critics have to say, and it is wonderful what a different aspect the various actions assume when looked at through pro-Japanese and then through pro-Russian spectacles.

I have not the least doubt that General Kuropatkin, who is more than a capable commander, having in previous campaigns made good his claims to be a genius, has been doing his best under most difficult circumstances. He was forced, as a compromise between his own cautious plan and the hare-brained schemes hatched in St. Petersburg, to send a force down towards Port Arthur. That move, he must have known, was doomed to failure, and his main armies have been fighting a series of actions to retrieve somebody else's mistake, retiring eventually, whether the day went for them or against them, getting badly mauled now and then, but forcing the Japanese to extraordinary exertions and great losses of men and ammunition.

Mr. Henry Neville has been for so long associated with the performance of Sir Charles Wyndham's parts in the provinces that his appearance in "The Two Orphans" has served to recall the fact that he was in old days one of the chief actor-managers of London, owning the old Olympic Theatre from 1873 to 1879. It was during that part of his career he produced the play which has had so extraordinary a vogue ever since, and is to be played all next season with a Company of "star" actors in America, such a performance having been given during the spring in which Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. Kyrle Bellew specially distinguished themselves. As if to further emphasise Mr. Neville's youthfulness and vitality, he is going to play Bob Brierley in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," the part in which he electrified London when comparatively a mere lad.



## THE LATE LADY TWEEDMOUTH.

THE death of Lady Tweedmouth on Friday removed not only a gracious and gifted personage of the great world, but also one of the most prominent political hostesses of our day. A daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, she was the third of the six clever and handsome sisters who have exercised so great a

power in Society, these including the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey, Countess Howe, and Lady Sarah Wilson. As Lady Fanny Churchill, it was recognised that she possessed a winning personality and great powers of mind, and when, in 1872, she married the Hon. Edward Marjoribanks she soon became the centre of a social circle which included all that was best in the world of Liberalism. In 1894 her husband succeeded to the peerage, and from that time till quite recently Brook House was a resort where all the notable figures in politics, literature, and art were to be met, for Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, though strongly Liberal, were not narrow in their views, and extended a hearty welcome to men of all shades of politics who possessed high ideals and were clever and agreeable. Lady Tweedmouth's great influence was always exerted in a noble



THE LATE LADY TWEEDMOUTH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

and elevating direction, and no charitable movement appealed to her in vain. During the recent Ascot Meeting she was one of the Royal party, so that her death so soon after has not only caused great sorrow but has in it an element of tragedy. Lady Tweedmouth passed away at Guisachan, her much-loved Highland home.

## "YELLOW" JOURNALISM IN NEW YORK.

A young writer applied some time ago to the chief representative of "yellow" journalism in New York and was engaged to fill a position which would become vacant at the end of a week. In the interval, the fact came to the attention of a University Professor who had always taken an interest in the youth's advancement. "I am sorry," said that good man, "that you should have chosen that particular school of journalism for your professional start," and he proceeded to descant upon the responsibility a journalist owed society, the influence of an educated youth's example on others of his class, the tone a writer inevitably took from the character of the journals he worked for, &c. "And your untarnished sense of self-respect will be worth more to you when you reach my time of life than all the salaries an unprincipled employer can put in your purse." The neophyte was so greatly impressed that he called on the "yellow" man next morning and announced that he had changed his mind. The editor scanned his face shrewdly and then inquired the reason. After much hesitation, the young man told him the whole story, and started to leave. "Ah," said the "yellow" editor, "be seated a moment, please." Turning to his secretary, he added, "Write a letter at once to Professor X. Y., present my compliments, and say that I should be pleased to receive from him a signed article of five hundred words, subject and treatment to be of his own choosing, for the editorial page of next Sunday's paper. Enclose cheque for fifty pounds. Now," said the editor, with a cynical smile, as he bade his caller good-bye, "you can see for yourself what comes of that." He did. The Sunday issue contained the signed article.

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



pine-woods which surround the town. The King takes his "cure," under the direction of the world-famous Dr. Ott, very seriously, and when in Bohemia he follows the old adage which declares that "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

## *His Majesty's "Cure" Quarters.*

The Hôtel Weimar, which is again patronised by the King, has not till lately been so famous as "Klinger's," which may fairly claim to be one of the most noted hostelries in the world. But the fine old hotel which boasts of associations with Goethe is splendidly situated high on the hill, and the rooms of His Majesty's suite command delightful views of the town and of the pretty scenery beyond. According to tradition, Goethe twice occupied the rooms in the Hôtel Weimar now set aside for our Sovereign's use, and till lately the curious could still see a window-pane inscribed with the name "Goethe," in German characters, said to have been cut by the great man himself with a diamond presented to him by some Bohemian admirers. The King's suite occupies nearly the whole of the first-floor of the hotel, and is sufficiently spacious to allow of His Majesty entertaining in a quiet way. When at Marienbad our Sovereign is the first to lead a quiet life, and he often takes his lunch, and even his dinner, out of doors, as is the custom at this picturesque Bad.

## *Royalty in Scotland.*

The Queen, before paying her usual summer visit to Denmark, will spend a short time in Scotland, where the Prince and Princess of Wales's children have already been established for some time. The Prince of Wales is also expected North of the Tweed late in August, for he is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, Morayshire, this famous sporting estate having one of the best stretches of salmon-fishing in the Spey. Balmoral continues to be improved, and is now one of the most luxurious and comfortable of great Scottish mansions. It is expected that their Majesties will entertain many of their foreign relations there this autumn, including the Queen's nephew, the Czarevitch.

## *"The Glorious Twelfth."*

The day after to-morrow is to many people the most important day in the year, for on Aug. 12 grouse-shooting begins all over the North; and, though opinions are divided, there seems a general impression—especially if one may judge by the way shootings have let this year—that grouse-shooting prospects are just now excellent. By a curious irony of fate, persistent rain is the grouse's worst enemy, and this is why the last two summers proved anything but satisfactory to the keen sportsman. But this year even Scotland has enjoyed an exceptionally dry season, and the birds have rejoiced accordingly.

## *The Yorkshire Moors.*

Yorkshiremen are fond of saying that more grouse are shot in their county in a week than in Scotland during the whole season. Be that as it may, the sportsman who is cosmopolitan in his tastes, and has no special reason to be faithful to what Mr. Gladstone once called "the Land of the Leal," certainly likes to spend the

Twelfth on a Yorkshire moor, rather than in bonnie Scotland.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are gathering together a very brilliant house-party at Bolton Priory, and the Prince of Wales will be among their guests. In business-like Yorkshire driving is much preferred to shooting over dogs, and, of course, in this way much larger bags are made. One of the best Yorkshire moors, Lord Strathmore's Holwick Fells, has been again leased this year by the American millionaire, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, and he is gathering there later in the month some of the most famous of American shots, who will enjoy British sport under very pleasant conditions. The Marquis of Ripon is the fortunate owner of the Dallowgill and Grantley Moors, and there his son, Lord de Grey, himself one of the best shots in the world, will spend the beginning of the grouse season.

## *Some Scotch Shootings.*

Although each year sees the letting of grouse-moors formerly always shot over by their own owners, many of the most famous sporting estates in the Far North are jealously retained by the sportsmen who have inherited them from a long line of Scottish ancestors. Among the members of the Special Commission appointed by the Board of Agriculture to inquire into the nature of grouse-disease are many well-known Scottish noblemen and landowners, including Lord Tullibardine, Lord Lovat, The Mackintosh, and Mr. Munro-Ferguson. American millionaires seem to have discovered the charm of Scotch shootings; and as to politicians, Scotland seems to be their goal. Even Lord Lansdowne, who hitherto has remained so faithful to Ireland each autumn, is off this year to Forest Lodge, one of the Duke of Atholl's pretty places in Perthshire; and Mr. and Mrs. Asquith have taken Dalquharan Castle, in Ayrshire.

## *The Duchess of Westminster.*

The Duchess of Westminster, if not, perhaps, quite so handsome as her sister, Princess Henry of Pless, nevertheless takes rank among the supremely beautiful Englishwomen of her generation. She is curiously like her still lovely mother, Mrs. Cornwallis-West; her brown hair and her expressive, animated features are characteristic of the latter's Irish descent. It is said that the young Duke's affection for his Duchess was a boy-and-girl romance. His Grace, then Lord Belgrave, who was nicknamed "Bend Or" after his grandfather's famous horse, the story goes, fell in love with Miss Sheila West when he was only seven years old. However that may be, not long after he came into his kingdom—but not before he had done service in the South African War—he married his old love. The new Duchess had grown up among the cleverest and smartest people of the day, and she has shown that she knows how to comport herself with equal grace and dignity in her new position.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by Brooks.



### *The Countess George Erdody.*

Countess George Erdody is one of the many Austrian, or rather, Hungarian, great ladies who spend a portion of the year in this country and whom English Society delights to welcome in its midst. Few people realise that Hungary has long been the British sportsman's paradise; there several wealthy Englishmen have estates, and the Hungarian nobility do all to make their sojourn agreeable. In the lifetime of Baron Hirsch he often asked large parties of English friends to his Hungarian country seat, and this led to the formation of many warm friendships which had as a result the frequent visits to England of well-known Hungarians, some of whom have had occasion to entertain the King during his yearly visit to Marienbad.

### *Late Hours at Westminster.*

Both Houses of Parliament are winding up the Session with late hours. The Commons have suspended their closing rule and regularly enter upon important business after midnight. This is the penalty they incur for dilatoriness early in the Session. It is bad for the health and the temper, but it increases the zest of members for holidays. Many have paired already, and those who remain are counting the days and the hours that must pass before their devotion to the State will permit them to leave. Mr. Churchill provokes the Unionists by the frequency and the asperity with which he takes part in the controversies of the late hours. Other converts to Liberalism they can forgive, but not Lord Randolph's son.

Colonel Kemp is the latest member who has crossed sides in the House of Commons. For several years he was intimately associated with the Government as private secretary to one of its members, but recently he has veered, like Mr. Churchill, towards the Liberal Party, and last week he spoke from the Opposition side. Quite a considerable number of members sit now on the left of the Chair who were formerly among the Unionists. These include Mr. George Whiteley, Mr. Cathcart Wason, and Mr. John Wilson of Falkirk. The young recruits of the Liberal Party number four—Mr. Churchill, Major Seely, Mr. Ivor Guest, and Colonel Kemp. The latest is a flannel-manufacturer, but has distinguished himself in the Yeomanry, serving in South Africa from 1900 to 1902. He is only thirty-eight and has plenty of vigour and ability. He is married to a daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere.

### *Obstruction in High Places.*

Obstruction has been practised in the House of Lords. When the Finance Bill came before it, the Government moved the suspension of the Standing Orders in order that the Bill might be passed through all its stages at a single sitting, with the view of receiving the Royal Assent the same day. As the last Act fixing the taxes lapsed on the following day, it was necessary that the new Act should become law immediately. Liberal Peers, however, insisted on the right of discussion, and they did not allow the Bill to be passed until the other House had risen. The Royal Assent was therefore postponed, but nobody escaped taxation.

### *Bishops as Legislators.*

The Bishops have taken a more prominent part in the debates on the Licensing Bill in the House of Lords than on any other Parliamentary subject for some years past. Their presence in force adds to the picturesqueness of the Gilded Chamber. They have been strongly in favour of a time-limit to compensation, and have not only spoken but voted for the amendment of the Bill.

### *A Stately Figure.*

Lord Peel has acted as the leader of the Temperance party in the Upper House. His experience as Chairman of the Royal Commission has given him peculiar authority. In any event, he would be listened to with respect by the Peers on account of his high character and his dignified, stately style. Even in the House of Lords the former Speaker of the House of Commons is conspicuous for the grandness of his manner. It is a

fine memorial of a former generation, such as is still preserved in the Lower House by Sir William Harcourt. Lord Peel is one of the few remaining links with the middle of last century. The son of the great Sir Robert, he is seventy-five years old. He represented Warwick forty years ago, and was in Mr. Gladstone's first Government, as well as, for a short time, in his second.

### *Lord Wemyss's Eighty-seventh Birthday.*

It was no wonder that Peers on both sides cheered the Earl of Wemyss when he rose in the House of Lords on Wednesday to move an amendment to the Licensing Bill. He is a credit to his order. Yet he himself was puzzled by the cheers until Lord Aberdeen went up to him and whispered, "Your birthday!" Although he has entered on his eighty-seventh year, Lord Wemyss is as erect as the youngest man in either House, his figure and air are almost jaunty, and his voice is hale and hearty. The noble Earl succeeded to the title in 1883, forty years after his first marriage and seventeen years before his second. He was a conspicuous figure in the House of Commons, and in his old age he adorns the House of Lords.

### *Some Summer Engagements.*

As a rule, few important engagements are announced during the summer months of the year. Of great interest to Society, however, is that of Lord Dunsany, one of the young soldier-Peers, to Lady

Beatrice Villiers, the youngest and only unmarried daughter of Lord and Lady Jersey. A very pretty and charming widow, Mrs. St. Aubyn, a daughter-in-law of Lord St. Levan, is also engaged, her *fiancé* being Mr. Patrick Crichton-Stuart. A well-known Scotch Baronet, Sir Thomas Montgomery Cuninghame, is to marry Miss Des Vœux. There are also rumours of the approaching announcement of a marriage which will be of equal interest to South Africans and to the most exclusive circles of the great world.

The present state of things in the Far East must seriously affect the pleasant cosmopolitan diplomatist, Count Benckendorff, who represents Russia at the Court of St. James. The Russian Ambassador has two sons at the Front, and so many of his English friends who are

parents went through acute anxiety during the South African War that much sympathy is felt for him and for the Ambassadress. Her Excellency was Countess Sophie Shouvaloff, and so she may be said to have been cradled in diplomacy. Count Benckendorff is a fine, tall man, with urbane manners; he is an excellent Bridge-player, and this accomplishment has led to his seeing a good deal of that section of Society to whom this game has become a source of all-absorbing occupation.

### *Some Distinguished Royal Visitors.*

Many distinguished foreigners make a point of coming to England after the Season. Among these is Prince Nicholas of Nassau, the father of Countess Torby. His Royal Highness has been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and he will, of course, be the guest of his son-in-law at Keele Hall. Yet another distinguished summer visitor is Princess Henry of Pless, who will stay with her parents at Ruthin Castle for a while. The Princess is a great favourite of the German Emperor, and, together with our Sovereign, he stood sponsor to her baby son. It is said that the King of Greece will probably pay a flying visit to England within the next few weeks.

### *Chances for Millionaires.*

Within the next few weeks two historic castles are to change hands—Norris Castle, in the Isle of Wight, and Chartley Castle, in Staffordshire. The latter wonderful old place dates from the thirteenth century, and is celebrated in romance as having been for a while the prison-home of Mary Queen of Scots. It belongs to Lord Ferrers, who has kept it up very well. Norris Castle is well known to all yachtsmen, and will probably pass into the possession of some member or would-be member of the "R.Y.S." At one time Queen Victoria and Prince Albert wished to purchase the place instead of Osborne.



COUNTESS ERDODY AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.



*The Duchess of Marlborough.*

The Duchess of Marlborough, whose nasty accident while riding in the park at Blenheim has aroused general concern, is, of course, the daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, the great New York millionaire. She has the pretty name of Consuelo; she is *petite* and of an exquisite slenderness. The fame of her dark, girlish beauty had spread both to London and

he will pay threepence a day, or which, if he likes, he may take by the week, and, in addition to the sleeping-rooms, there will be dining-halls, a library, bath-rooms (in which the bachelors can get a bath, with towel and with soap, for fifteen centimes), and, best of all perhaps, a smoking-room upon the roof—a sort of roof-garden with basket-chairs and greenery upon it—where working-men may spend the evening. A cheap restaurant is to be built in connection with the establishment, at which meals of a cheap and not a nasty kind are to be served. Teetotalism being practically non-existent in France, *vin ordinaire* and beer will be on sale.

*Wives at Loggerheads.*

A Kansas wife has left her husband on the grounds that, in the fulness of his affection, he refused to argue with her. She is expected to join forces with the coster-lady who protested that "she was as good as not married. 'Er ol' man weren't like a 'usbin at all. 'E never even 'it 'er wiv a poker!"

*"The Divine Sarah."*

The contemporaries of Madame Sarah Bernhardt have been complaining that, while other famous actors have received the bit of ribbon which makes them *décoré* and admits them into the charmed circle of the Legion of Honour, the claims of the woman to whom is conceded the title not only of the greatest actress in France, but the greatest actress in the world, are persistently ignored by the authorities. What Madame Sarah Bernhardt's own views on the subject are, probably no one knows. Jealous, even clamorous, though the stage is for recognition and honours, it is safe to say that she finds in the continued favour of the public a full measure of compensation for any lack of State reward. In the current number of the *Strand Magazine*, in which her memoirs are continued, Madame Bernhardt deals with her first appearance in London, and incidentally pays a tribute to certain of our most famous actors. It was, for instance, Sir Henry Irving who, alone among English people, sent her a bouquet with a word of welcome to the London house which had been taken for her, while Mr. Forbes-Robertson presented her with a flower when she arrived at Folkestone, and a "poet and a genius" threw an armful of lilies before her that she might have a fitting carpet for her feet, even though it were only for a step or two.

*"Lord Dundreary" Again.*

In "The Catch of the Season," it will have been noticed that one of the parts is named "Lord Dundreary," and it is, appropriately, to be played by Mr. Sam Sothern, whose father created the famous character of that name whose eccentricity still furnishes a type for our day, as some of his witticisms have become stock, if not classical, quotations. Mr. Sothern has, indeed, played the real "Lord Dundreary," though, as was only natural, it was impossible for him to repeat his father's success in the part, and it will therefore be particularly interesting to see the way in which he treats "Lord Dundreary's" lineal descendant.



A DISTINGUISHED INVALID: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

From a Painting by Helleu.

Oxfordshire, and when she came over as a bride she won all hearts by the unaffected sweetness and graciousness of her manner. The wedding, which took place in New York in 1895, was one of unexampled splendour, and the particular young lion who did it for the *Daily Telegraph* became positively lyrical in his enthusiasm over the flowers, the presents, and the epoch-making sumptuousness of it all. The Duchess's happiness may be said to have been completed by the birth of two sturdy little boys—Lord Blandford in 1897, and Lord Ivor Churchill, who arrived a year later.

*An American "Grande Dame."*

Mrs. Arthur Paget, who had so serious a life-accident last week, is one of the few American members of English Society who have become thoroughly acclimatised to all the ways and feelings of their husbands' native country. Although she is still a very beautiful woman, the marriage of Miss Mary Paran Stevens took place over a quarter of a century ago, and the bride of the then brilliant young soldier was welcomed very kindly by the Royal Family, who have always been especially fond of "the favoured Pagets." Mrs. Arthur Paget soon revealed herself as a great hostess, and her boundless energy and brilliant conversational gifts made her a valuable addition to every house-party. She was one of the first women in Society to realise the possibilities of the safety bicycle, and she also helped to make golf the fashion, while she is a graceful and indefatigable skater. Mrs. Paget was one of the small but influential group of American women who organised the hospital-ship known as the *Maine*, and she was personally thanked by Queen Victoria with reference to the work she did on that occasion.

*A Home for Bachelors.*

An interesting scheme is afoot in Paris for the better protection of the bachelor—not the bold, bad bachelor whom M. Piot wants to tax, but the poor bachelor who has no home at his disposal save that horror, the cheap *hôtel meublé*. M. Longerey, an architect, has, with the assistance of M. Mesureur, the Director of the Assistance Publique, acquired the former site of the old La Roquette Prison, where malefactors used to be guillotined, and means to build upon it a home for eight hundred and forty bachelors, upon the lines of our own Rowton Houses. Each man will have his own room, for which



ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED INVALID: MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, Bedford Gardens, W.



*The Lord of the  
"D. T."*

The principal proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* would be interesting, however commonplace a man he might be, on account of the tremendous power which he wields, but Lord Burnham is by no means a commonplace man. We have hardly grown accustomed to the new title which conceals the whilom name of Lawson. For years Lord Burnham has been honoured with the intimate friendship of the King, whom he has often entertained at his oddly named place, Hall Barn, in Buckinghamshire. The house is not so very big, but is astonishingly comfortable, and there is even a completely equipped Turkish-bath, the *masseur* attached to which is quite a character in his way. He has an autograph-book in which many famous names may be read. The estate at Hall Barn, of some three thousand and odd acres, is a model of what such a property should be. Lord Burnham is a first-rate sportsman, and the shooting to be had there is accounted among the best in Buckinghamshire; moreover, there is a golf-course and plenty of charming rides. The master of Hall Barn, who was married to the daughter of Mr. Ben Webster, was left a widower some years ago, and now his greatest delight is to entertain at his beautiful country place his little grandchildren, the children of Mr. Harry Lawson, so long known in the House as "Young Lawson," and Lieutenant-Colonel William Lawson, who did good service with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa. Lord Burnham has a particular veneration for the memory of Edmund Burke, and he has made a point of purchasing any really authentic relics of the great statesman which have come into the market. The result is that his collection is undoubtedly the largest in existence, and it includes the very dagger which, on a famous occasion, Burke threw upon the floor of the House of Commons.



LORD BURNHAM, PRINCIPAL PROPRIETOR  
OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

*Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.*

*Yester House.* Yester House, the marvellously beautiful Scotch seat of Lord Tweeddale, is practically unknown to the ordinary tourist, for it lies out of the beaten track, in that enchanted land on the borders of East Lothian and Berwickshire. The old Yester Castle is the "Hobgoblin Hall" immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion," and its ruins may still be seen in the grounds. The present house, designed by the famous brothers Adam, stands rather lower down, in a beautifully wooded glen through which runs a trout-stream. You drive up to the house through an avenue of limes and beeches, and there is something in the soil hereabouts which favours the growth of sycamores. The hall at Yester is full of marvellous hunting and shooting trophies, as well as most interesting curios brought home by Lord Tweeddale's uncle who was Governor of Madras. The portraits at Yester are also most notable; there is a marvellous Millais of Lady Tweeddale, painted in black satin and sables, and bringing out in an incomparable manner her stately Italian beauty. There are portraits of ancestors by Vandyck, and, naturally, some Raeburns, while mention must be made of exquisite miniatures of Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Seton, and Jane, Duchess of Marlborough. There is also the actual miniature of Lord Byron which he presented to poor Lady Caroline Lamb.

Chicago, desirous of choosing a girl to represent her fittingly at a fête in the St. Louis Exhibition, has founded a "Beauty Committee of Municipal Councillors" to draw up nine requirements for her perfect woman. The members seem to have gone about their task on the heraldic principle. In addition to being the possessor of grace of manner and a democratic spirit, "the perfect woman must be a brunette, to typify the city's atmosphere of smoke; vivacious, because Chicago is full of energy; athletic and in good training, to show Westerners that

they have not a monopoly of health; and, above all, she must have small hands and microscopic feet, to silence a well-known slander on Chicago women." Thus is the City of Pork and Millions to be vindicated.

*The Emperor of  
Austria.*

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria will not pay a visit to London this autumn, owing to his age, which renders State ceremonies very trying to him; but he will meet King Edward on the 30th of this month at Marienbad, where the King undergoes his annual "cure." The Emperor will then go to Southern Bohemia for the Autumn Manœuvres, and there he will meet the Kaiser. Prince Alfred of Windischgrätz' Castle of Stekna is being magnificently decorated for the reception of the two Sovereigns.

*Cowes Week  
Weather.*

It is some years since the Cowes Week opened with such splendid weather. The King came across in the Royal Yacht on the Saturday afternoon in drizzling rain, and all the evening there was a heavy thunder-storm growing away in the south-west. The Isle of Wight gossips were beginning to say that the King is as unfortunate as Queen Victoria was fortunate in the weather, but early on Sunday morning the clouds cleared off, and the Regatta opened in the most magnificent sunny weather. The only drawback was the absence of a stiff breeze, for there was hardly enough wind to enable the yachts to do more than drift half the time. Still, anything is better than the rain which has so frequently spoiled the fun for the last two or three years.

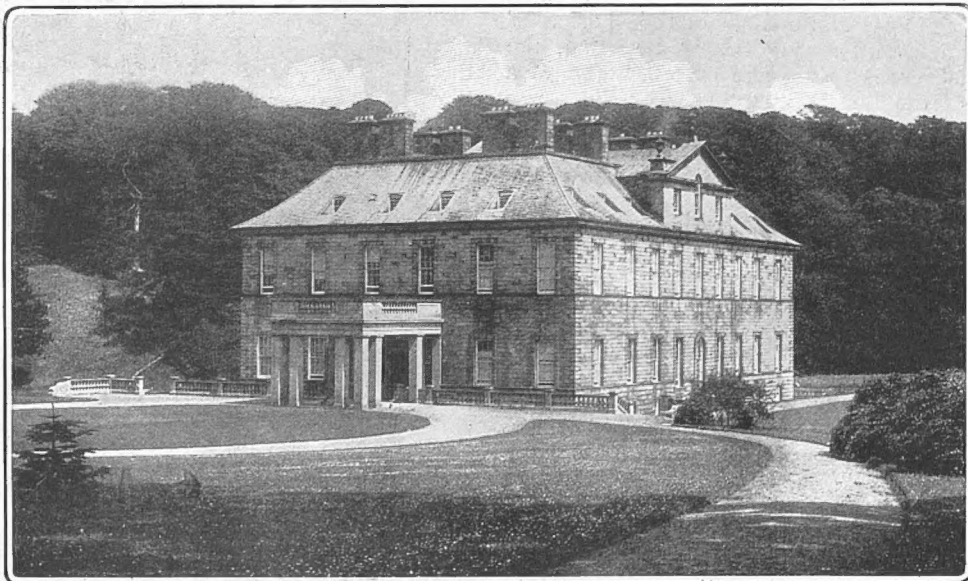
*A Veteran  
Cricketer.*

By the death of Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust the national game loses the last survivor of the first University match, and the oldest cricketer who had played in the Eton and Harrow match. Mr. Jenner-Fust, who was known as Herbert Jenner in his cricketing days, was considerably over ninety-eight years of age, and first played for Eton against Harrow in 1822. Five years later, when the energetic Merivale got up the first Inter-University match, Jenner captained the Cambridge side. Mr. Jenner-Fust was an excellent bat, but it was as a wicket-keeper that he was most famous. He never used either pads or gloves, and this was a great feat when we consider the bumpy wickets on which he stood up to the bowling. He was a Past-President of the "M.C.C.," and was one of those present at the banquet which commemorated the Jubilee of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket-match.

*The Universal  
Language.*

Those ingenious gentlemen on the Continent of Europe who are always trying to invent a Universal Language are wasting their time, for, when the matter is put to a practical test, the language used is always English. The inhabitants of Northern and Southern China speak such different dialects that the only way in which they can make themselves understood when visiting one another's ports is by speaking that *Lingua Franca* of the East, "pidgin English."

But a more remarkable instance has occurred during the present war. In one of the many battles in which the Russians had to retreat without burying their dead comrades, the Colonel of a Russian regiment pinned his visiting-card to the breast of one of his dead officers, with an appeal for generous treatment of the dead and wounded written on it in English. A more striking proof of the universality of the English language could hardly be imagined.



YESTER HOUSE, HADDINGTON, LORD AND LADY TWEEDDALE'S SCOTTISH HOME.

*Photograph by Duthie.*



*A Modern Nimrod.* Mr. F. C. Selous must be permanently tired of being described as "a mighty hunter before the Lord." Few men of our time have such an accurate knowledge both of the geography and the fauna of South Africa.

Mr. Selous has now passed his fiftieth year. A Londoner by birth, with a large admixture both of French and of Scottish blood in his veins, he had a cosmopolitan education, partly at Rugby, partly in Switzerland, and partly in Germany. An early taste for football and bird's-nesting developed when he was grown to manhood into the nomadic instinct of the born explorer. It is more than thirty years since he first left England for South Africa, and for a long time he made his living by hunting elephants and collecting natural-history specimens. He thus became qualified to act as guide to the pioneer expedition to Mashonaland, and he played a gallant

made for English watering-places by his line, the Western one, alone, and doubtless the Gare du Nord authorities would tell the same tale if they were questioned. Ostend attracts the bourgeois this year too, because, now that there are no longer gambling-rooms there, he anticipates more reasonable prices. And, altogether, foreign travel is ceasing to be looked upon as such an undertaking as it used to be. Time was, and not so long ago, when the Parisian who had been to other British towns than London and other European capitals than Brussels was looked upon as a great traveller and introduced as such.

#### Weather Experts.

With the hot weather—and it is hot—everybody quarrels more than usual, and, to the amusement of the cynical, even the weather experts are at daggers drawn. The French Press, in addition to the prognostications of the official weather-clerk, of which nobody takes the slightest notice, possesses two meteorological prophets, M. Jules Capré, who prophesies in the *Temps* from Chillon on Geneva's Lake, and "Le Vieux Major," whose prognostics appear in our contemporary the *Gaulois*. For August, M. Capré predicted cold and wet, and "Le Vieux Major" warm and fine and dry, and, as it has been neither fine nor wet, the two are fighting one another and the Fates in print, and very busily explaining why. But such innocuous quarrelling as this matters very little. Unfortunately, the heat would seem to influence all kinds of temperaments, and the long list of vitriol-throwing and revolver crimes has swelled so that M. Lépine has issued orders that the severest measures are to be taken against weapon-carrying folk. These orders will not have much effect, for nowadays seven Parisians in a dozen carry a weapon of some kind, and every day brings in its tale of their misuse. Only a few days ago a gentleman was haled before the magistrates on the charge of having emptied a small flask of nitric acid over a lady on the Place Blanche. Last week, an angry lady lay in wait for a false lover in the leafy alley leading to the entrance to the Café des Ambassadeurs, and emptied her revolver into the wrong man. It was uncomfortable for the gentleman, although he was not very badly hurt, for, after being riddled by somebody else's wife, he had to read the riddle to the satisfaction of his own, who would not believe in the error for a considerable time.



MR. F. C. SELOUS, THE FAMOUS AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

part in the first Matabele War. Indeed, he had a knack of being generally on the spot when wanted, for when the insurrection broke out later in Matabeleland he turned up and was immensely useful in his quiet way. He has written several big and readable books on his wanderings, and he is immensely proud of having received not only the Cuthbert Peek Grant and Back Premium, but also the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. For the rest, he draws very well and is no mean musician—an accomplishment which made him additionally welcome on many a Boer farm.

*The Rhodes Statue.* Notwithstanding its many drawbacks and troubles of late years, Rhodesia continues to progress, and even if its gold-production is not entirely satisfactory, and, like the Transvaal, it has its labour-troubles, the inhabitants continue sanguine of ultimate success. Only the other day the memorial to the gallant men who fell in the Battle of the Shangani River was consecrated, with fitting ceremonial, in the Matoppos, close to the resting-place of the great Empire-builder, and now a statue of Cecil Rhodes himself has been erected in Bulawayo, the commercial metropolis of Rhodesia. It is astonishing to consider that, in spite of rebellion, rinderpest, war, and other calamities, the site on which, only a decade or so ago, stood the kraal of the warlike chief of the savage Matabele is now occupied by a well-built town containing several thousand white inhabitants who enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of latter-day civilisation.

*The Exodus from Paris.* Paris in summer-time always reminds me of my misbehaviour at school (writes our Correspondent), for a pet punishment of my form-master used to be the copying of a story in which several fair ladies tried to fill a riddled vessel, and, in the summer months, Paris is just like such a vessel, for, as the Parisians pour out of it, the provincials and foreigners pour in; and now, in August, when we are told that Paris is quite empty, the Boulevards are at their fullest and there is not a seat to be had on the terrasses of any of the cafés. There can be little doubt that recent *entente cordiale* doings have inspired the Paris bourgeois with a stronger desire to travel than he has had hitherto. I had a chat the other morning with the white-capped station-master of the Gare Saint-Lazare, who tells me that quite ten per cent. more travellers than usual have



THE RHODES STATUE AT BULAWAYO.

Photograph by Smart and Copley.



## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



"MORE HEAT; OR, A SON-STROKE."

THE heat-wave has many things to answer for. Morning and evening papers alike show signs of suffering from it. The *Times* published a poem about Joseph a few days ago, something that hinted at a lot of things and did not seem to mean anything in particular. Not to be beaten, one of its largest-circulation contemporaries gave us a production written by a real live murderer—at least, he was real and alive when he wrote it, though he has since paid the extreme penalty of the law. Had there been any question of reprieve, the poem would have been very damaging to his chances. An evening paper, recording the misadventure of a party of tourists thrown out of the conveyance hired to take them for a drive, "starred" the event on contents-bills as a "Break Smash." Even a daily victory by Japan, followed by an explanation from St. Petersburg that it took place by permission of General Kuropatkin and is part of his plan of campaign, fails to move us in August. The Far East is so very, very far, and, unaccustomed to hot days, we are helpless, feeble, and unenthusiastic.

It is interesting to read that General Kuroki is of Polish descent, and that the family name was originally Kurowski. A morning paper tells the story, and adds that the exiled Pole who was one of the great General's forbears asked his descendants to do what they could to make things uncomfortable for Russia. This last addition may be quite untrue, but even then it is a very proper invention and assists quotation. One may presume that, though "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," she has quite recovered her nerves and spirits since Kuroki rose, and is now more melodious in her outcries. At the

beginning of the present year very few Europeans had even heard the names of Kuroki, Oku, Nodzu, Togo, Uriu, Kodama, and the other brilliant men who have made morally bankrupt the Power that dominated nearly all Asia and was beginning to knock at India's door. And I suppose if we went to war to-morrow we should have a fresh set of household-names within six months, names of great sailors who are hardly known outside naval circles to-day because their chance has not yet come. Most of us hope that it will be a long time coming. Peace is better than the finest collection of heroes, and even Japan has much to regret.

I am interested to see that Don Jaime of Bourbon, son of the Don Carlos who was sometime Pretender to the throne of Spain, is learning something of the arts of war. He has gone to the Russian side, in the interests of the *Giornale d'Italia*, and has sent home a number of interesting letters. Perhaps, when Don Jaime realises the full horrors of war, he will be content to leave the Alfonsists in peaceful possession of the throne and sing in praise of Peace—

"I'd crowns resign  
To call thee mine."

When I saw the hope of the Carlist Party last, he was riding a motor-car, within the domain of the Prince of Monaco, at a pace calculated to grieve upholders of the law, and when I saw Don Carlos last he was taking his afternoon stroll along the Piazza of San Marco, in Venice, looking far more like a dandy than hero. He had already resigned his claims to the Spanish throne in favour of his son, Don Jaime, who will, I hope, resign them altogether and content himself with a life of leisure with intervals of journalism. I suppose that most of the people who come safe and sound from Manchuria will not want any more war-trouble on this side of the grave.

I read that the City Marshal has fallen from his horse—metaphorically writing. The City Fathers are not always easy to deal with, and I gather that they have suspended their gallant Marshal for one month. I don't suppose their high official minds very much, for August is better spent in the country or by the sea than in the City, but it is rather unwise of the City Fathers to abandon so fine a functionary in days when there are Anarchists and Socialists and Radicals about. It has always been part of my belief that the City Marshal's duties include the terrorising of the iconoclasts who would fain take away the Mace-bearer's Bauble and make the Lord Mayor's Banquet an affair of three courses, with lemonade instead of wine. In all the plumage of the Corporation there are no brighter feathers than those adorning the Marshal, and it grieves me to see the City imitating certain game-birds and moulting through late July and early August.

Writing of game-birds reminds me that the grouse have reason to bless our tardy Legislature. If Parliament is not to rise before the fifteenth, thousands of red grouse will enjoy three or four days of life at a season when they are as good as dead. Our legislators are responsible for more grouse-slaughter than any other class of men, and many a moor will see no beaters until its tenant has gone dutifully through the last division-lobby and left Westminster hundreds of miles behind. August days are second to none in grouseland. The moorland is in flower at last, food is plentiful and varied, for grain and berries are being added to the heather diet, the birds are fully fledged and strong on the wing, and the season of cold and rain has been forgotten. I always think that one day in July and early August must be worth three or four of any other season to an understanding grouse, and, if I am correct in this view, the respite due to late sitting at Westminster will be worth about an average fortnight to the brilliant bird we all desire to pursue.

The gentleman of inquiring and sympathetic turn of mind who wondered what we should think if a party of spectacled, green-umbrella'd, garrulous, and learned Egyptians were to rake up the dust and bones of our dead Sovereigns has received the reply courteous—and business-like—from a City firm, which seeks a mummy "at a suitable price" for making colour. "Surely," it is asked, "a 2000-year-old mummy of an Egyptian monarch may be used for adorning a noble fresco in Westminster Hall or elsewhere without giving offence to the ghost of the departed or to his descendants?" Exceptional possibilities are now open to the artist who prefers notoriety to notability, and finds an occasional "freak" exhibition an excellent notice-drawer. "Pictures in Pigments from a Pharaoh," or "Nocturnes, by Dauber Brown, Colour by Rameses," should cause crowded galleries.



DURING THE HEAT-WAVE: A REAL CONVERSATION AT THE "ZOO."

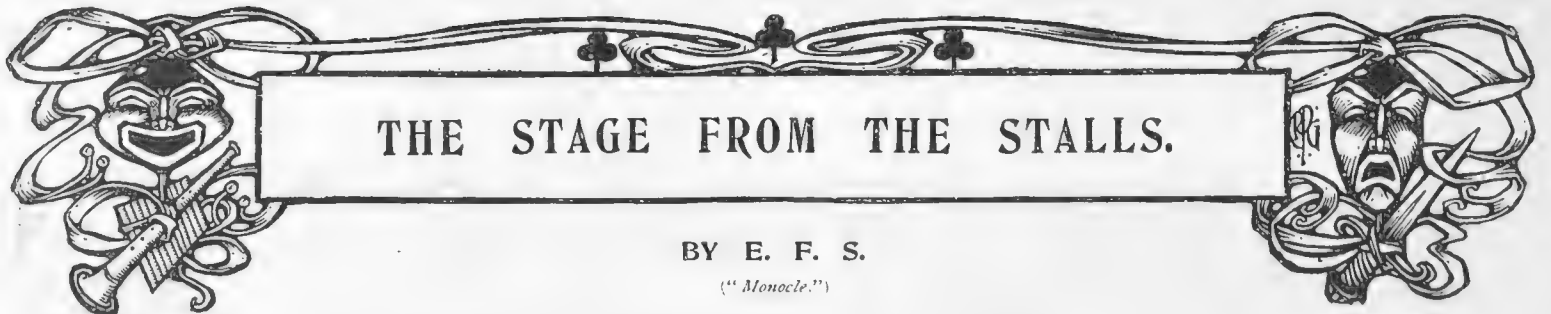


"Say, kid, ain't Polar bears allus kep' on ice?"

"Ah, but it's got melted, I reckon. That's why 'e's a-cryin'."

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(*"Monocle."*)

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF THE SEASON. (*Continued.*)

WHEN we turn to the plays produced under somewhat abnormal conditions, the result is rather less inspiring than last year. That remarkably successful and useful institution, the Stage Society, has not exactly pulled out a plum this year, except in case of the one-Act "*'Op o' Me Thumb.*" This, "*Ina,*" and

"*A Soul's Tragedy*" were the English works produced by it. Browning's play, despite the quality of its verse and able acting by Mr. Ben Webster and a masterly performance by Mr. Brydone, clearly is not living drama. "*Ina,*" by Mr. Prowse, save in a few little scenes, can hardly be called more than a promising, sincere effort decidedly immature. "*The Philanthropists*" ("*Les Bienfaiteurs*"), by Brioux, managed to be oppressively didactic and also intensely obscure, though fairly rich in striking scenes and fine, small touches of character. The performance certainly was remarkable in quality. Gorki's drama, "*The Lower Depths,*" gave a vivid, apparently aimless, and rather lurid picture of life in a cheap lodging-house, quickened for a moment by a flash of strong melodrama. A good deal was convincing, but much

Mr. G. B. Shaw's very clever play: but at the Court it was at least satisfactory, and, so far as Miss Sydney Fairbrother was concerned, brilliant; her work in four parts during the season has been quite remarkably good.

The experimental matinées have not been numerous, and only two can be considered important. "*The Pharisee's Wife*" comes first. "*George Paston,*" the author, is one of the many ladies who have obtained a hearing this season—no less than seven have been represented. Her play deserves the consideration of managers, for, with little alteration, it would seem to have a real chance of success, particularly if Miss Madge McIntosh and Miss Darragh were engaged to take the parts admirably rendered by them. The piece, though affected by marks of inexperience, shows a real gift for the stage that includes humour, sense of character, and the power of writing true dialogue; clearly "*George Paston*" is the find of the season. Lady Troubridge's play, "*Mrs. Oakleigh,*" exhibited similar qualities, but in a less remarkable degree, and gives substantial ground for hope that she, too, will prove a valuable dramatist. Here, again, Miss Darragh gave a brilliant piece of acting.

The remarkable feature of the foreign invasion has been the well-deserved success of the German Theatre, which may now be regarded as a permanent institution likely to have a serious influence. It produced many clever pieces, and they were acted by a Company noteworthy for the high "all-round" quality that on our stage is more noticeable in the performances of the Stage Society than at most of the regular theatres. Unselfishness has been the key-note of the acting, and with it has been great individual excellence. The most interesting productions were the powerful military play, "*Zapfenstreich,*" a grim, almost-fierce story of army life played to perfection; and "*Hannele,*" Hauptmann's strange, dream-play, which, despite much that is beautiful, seemed to me to lose a good deal by actual performance. Even a sincere attempt at "make-belief" failed to enable a good many to avoid a sneaking smile at some of the efforts to present the spiritual phenomena, with the inevitable result that the piece seemed rather shocking to natural sentiments of reverence.

The French Companies included Mesdames Bernhardt and Réjane, neither of whom had anything very interesting to offer. The former relied upon a Sardou melodrama with one very clever, thrilling Act, played superbly. The latter, since her trump-card, "*La Montansier,*" presented cheaply, fell rather flat, gave us varieties on the hetaira string: "*La Montansier,*" "*La Parisienne,*" and "*Zaza*" are a rather unsavoury group, though there is something to be said for the heroine of "*La Douleureuse.*" Her Company, as a collection, suggested excessive scorn for the taste of our public, though, no doubt, one should speak with bated breath of M. Coquelin—a pity, by the way, he does not sometimes speak with bated breath. There was quite an interesting season at the Avenue, where a Company of French players, only one of them familiar to Londoners, gave a collection of amusing pieces. M. Tarride many of us remember, since his brilliant piece of acting in "*La Statue du Commandeur*" as the Statue. In the group of comedies presented he shone conspicuously by force of extraordinary technique and natural humour. Madame Marthe Regnier assisted him ably, and Mdlle. Dorziat, a delightful comédienne, became a great favourite. The Company was excellent, and capital performances were given of four comedies new to London.

Signora Duse was not allowed to play "*La Citta Morte,*" whence fierce indignation against the Censor, who to me, for once, seemed to be in the right. D'Annunzio's melodramatic "*Francesca da Rimini*" showed how even a real poet can ruin a splendid subject if moved by the mania for local colour and excessive fear of committing solecisms. So little was there of the feeling that has given immortality to the tale that, without the aid of the names, only a historian would have identified the subject. After this, she gave some of her regular répertoire, with great success.

The season saw the failure of several musico-dramatic pieces, and lavish expenditure did not enable "*The Duchess of Dantzic*" to live very long—for a work of its class. To the rest, success seems to be assured. "*The Orchid,*" "*The Cingalee,*" "*The Earl and the Girl,*" and "*Sergeant Bruc,*" apparently, will live long. The last-named was interesting, if a little disappointing, in its introduction of Miss Liza Lehmann as composer for this class: she has caught the spirit rather too successfully. "*Véronique*" has made a "hit," and for this one may be thankful, since it is comic opera, if not of the strictest.



MISS J. VAN BUSKIRK,

AN AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.

that may have been truly observed seemed hardly credible. "*Where there is Nothing*" completes the tale of the Society. This strange work by Mr. Yeats may be considered in relation to the interesting visit of the Irish National Theatre Society—which, I fear, is too much under the influence of Mr. Yeats—and indicates a revolt against rules imperfectly understood. One may admire heartily his fine poetic gifts and the craving for ideas that distinguishes his work and that of the Society, but it is impossible to resist the thought that he often writes with the intention of enraging the Philistine, and without considering the exact effect of this on his play. The theories on acting that he announced would apparently be best realised by a performance in which the characters were represented by Marionettes, whilst Mr. Yeats or a phonograph gave the dialogue. So much was really fine in the plays given and so excellent was the acting in several of the pieces that, unless this influence proves fatal, the Irish Theatre promises to produce a real living drama, national as in relation to subject-matter; for a conscious effort at a drama national as regards technique or theories of art will inevitably prove futile.

Returning for a moment to the Stage Society, one may note that three of its pieces were on the boards of the ordinary theatre at one time—"Op o' Me Thumb," "*Candida,*" and "*A Man of Honour.*" The fate of the last-named was dispiriting. The critics praised it heartily, the first-night reception was favourable, and an admirable performance was given, in which Miss Muriel Wylford, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Hallard, and Mr. Trollope distinguished themselves; yet the public refused to give Mr. Maughan's fine comedy a successful career, even though a regrettable concession was made in the last Act. Such an event seems to indicate either that the public has lost taste for real drama, or lost heart and is not inclined to run the risk of visiting a play unless the big drum is beaten loud and long and at a terrible cost. "*Candida,*" produced only for a short run, was, I believe, financially successful. We have had a better performance of



DURING THE HOLIDAYS: A PROTECTION AGAINST INTERVIEWERS.



MISS EDNA MAY AND HER TOY SPANIEL.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*





By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

## IX.—"LA CHAPELLE BLANCHE."

"THE most remarkable thing about Paris?" said Mademoiselle. "Well, I should say it is the comparative absence of the poor. We've been here some time now, and have seen hardly any of them. There are no slums apparently, no Whitechapel——"

The Vicomte raised his hat, his hands, and eyes to Heaven. "Name of a little good man grey, but how you little know of it! Oh, my poor, charming Mademoiselle, on to this tramway! Come."

We whirled along from the Arc de Triomphe, where we had got on board the car, through the Monceau Quarter, where wealthy artists have made a St. John's Wood, minus much, as Harold neatly put it, along the Boulevard des Batignolles—that home of the *petit rentier*, a Paris Brixton—into and out of merry Montmartre, along the Boulevard Rochechouart, the small side-streets and courts off which are redolent, the Vicomte told us, of Gaboriau crimes, and into Belleville.

"'La Chapelle Blanche,' the Whitechapel of Paris," said the Vicomte.

It was about mid-day, and as, under the guidance of the little man, who knew his way here as unerringly as everywhere else in the town which he loves so well, we plunged into a long, grey street as unlike central Paris as a slum of Notting Hill might be, the gaunt, grey houses, with uncurtained windows looking like sightless eyes, suddenly belched forth a stream of human beings, oddly garbed, and fiercely intent upon food.

The men were dressed in blouses, blue or black or white, wore pegtop trousers of abnormal size, and, in strange discord with the rest of their costume, in almost every case a hard felt-hat. The women were in pinafores, and all were in a desperate hurry, for the great bell had clanged the luncheon-hour and they were free until twelve forty-five or one o'clock.

"These people don't look any worse off than our factory-hands at home," said Harold, noting that neither men nor women carried the knotted handkerchiefs with their food in them which mark mid-day in workman's London.

"That I know not," the Vicomte said; "but working Paris gets more luxury for luncheon than working London does. Come, we shall breakfast with them."

We paused a moment while the Vicomte stopped a burly giant in a grimy blouse and asked for information, and presently, after a ceremonious salute, they separated, and we marched down one



Going to lunch.

street and up another, out on to the Boulevard again, and into a restaurant.

The tables were marble-topped, virgin of table-cloths, and not particularly clean. The room, a large one with a tiny kitchen opening out of it, reeked with the odours Dante would have painted had he imagined kitchens in Inferno, and, in and out, among the closely

packed and perspiring crowd, were waitresses dressed in the black and white which Duval bonnes have made familiar to us all.

The food was better than it smelt, and cleanly served. A little trickery with the big napkin would hide the foreign matter on the table, and we ate from the little dishes that our meal was served in.

And then we looked around us and observed that few of these work-people, no matter how frugal their meal might have been—and very few of them spent more than sixpence or sevenpence upon it—considered luncheon over without a cigarette, a glass of coffee, and a liqueur. This they took leisurely, and, as they left the place, each man, with scrupulous politeness, bowed as he gave his halfpenny to the waiting Hebe.

I have fed frequently in London's cheapest eating-houses, and they contrast unfavourably with Paris, mainly because of the absence of that gentility which here is no pretence, but inborn in the poorest.

"Ha, ha; you say the poorest! Come, then," said the Vicomte.

We walked out, bowing. Harold and the New Yorker cannoned in the doorway, and raised their hats to one another, as they do fifteen times a day since they have been in Paris. We turned down a side-street into a smaller one, and stopped aghast.

"These are the homes of poorer Paris—not the poorest," said the Vicomte.

None of us spoke a word, but Mademoiselle borrowed a handkerchief from Harold. She had "been sitting in 'a draught,'" she thought.

"And can they—can they live here?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They do it," said the Vicomte.

Conciergeless houses, towering six and seven floors high, but with no waste of space for air and light, as in our tenements at home; stairs which are reminiscent of the foulness of the farm-yard and the foulness of the urban gutter; flats—*logements*, the ironic statement of the landlord calls them—of one room or two rooms, and a cupboard which is kitchen in the daytime and, when the family numbers more than the half-dozen, bedroom at night; no furniture except a wooden bed, a table, a few stools, and possibly a cupboard. And the people!

We had imagined the Parisian. We knew him as the tripper knows him, smiling and leisurely. Here we saw women, men, and children with life's enjoyment steamed right out of them by lack of hygiene in life's hideous laundry. Faces were pale and shiny, eyes too large, and a pathetic attempt over all at cleanliness which brought lumps to our throats.

"The greyness and the horror of it all!" said Harold, and swore deliberately for several seconds.

Mademoiselle looked her thanks, and the New Yorker looked thoughtful.

"On how much do these people live?" he asked the Vicomte, presently.

"Five francs a day, and sometimes, when the mother works as well, on seven. Eight pounds a month, about, and they have usually some six or seven children. I think that we shall do well to go ourselves of it," added the little man, with a quick glance at Mademoiselle, and we got out on to the Boulevard and breathed again.

"No poor in Paris!" sighed the New Yorker.



A Navvy.



# *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.*

*By Frank Reynolds, R.I.*



"A CIGARETTE, A GLASS OF COFFEE, AND A LIQUEUR."

## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

"GILBEY never failed me yet," explained the delightful Mr. Todman in "Liberty Hall," as he proceeded to draw the cork out of the bottle. That phrase crystallises the sentiment felt by millions of human beings the wide world over. Directly, it is a tribute to the high-mindedness of the business methods of the firm of which Sir Walter Gilbey is the founder, as it is indirectly an encomium on the far-seeing policy adopted in the days of his youth. It is undoubtedly in large measure to Sir Walter that the popularising of wines and spirits among the masses is due, backed as were his efforts by Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the rearranging of duties on foreign wines in 1861. Sir Walter's business was then barely four years old, for it was started in 1857, at 357, Oxford Street, at the corner of Berwick Street, in partnership with his brother Alfred. At the time when the Crimean War stirred the emotions of the nation to the profound depth which war never fails to do, Sir Walter and his brother volunteered for service abroad, and were attached as civilians to the Army Pay Department, an office in which they served for two years. It is interesting, in the light of later events, to know that, through the agency of an elder brother then in business for himself as a wholesale wine-merchant in the City, they got out a consignment of wines and spirits which were sold at a very good profit.

When the war was over they returned to England, and, on the advice of their brother the wine-merchant, they started business to supply wines and spirits direct to the consumer. Within three years they had twenty thousand customers. It was about that time that three grocers in Reading, Torquay, and Wolverhampton applied to be appointed agents. To-day there are, in the United Kingdom alone, over three thousand such representatives, nearly all of whom have been appointed at their own request, while there are representatives in every country pretty well over the whole world.

Although Sir Walter was born in May 1831, and has consequently celebrated his seventy-third birthday, he is still full of activity, and as keenly interested in the development of horses as he was a quarter of



SIR WALTER GILBEY AT ELSENHAM HALL, ESSEX.

a century ago. To him, indeed, the revival of the national industry of horse-breeding is in great measure due, a fact emphasised by the presentation to him in 1891 of admirable portraits of himself and Lady Gilbey, painted by Mr. Orchardson. The subscriptions were contributed by over twelve hundred people, and the presentation was made by His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, at the Agricultural Hall.

Sir Walter was, indeed, one of the first to realise the grave importance which the breeding of finer horses must assume as the result of the changed conditions of modern British agriculture. It is some thirty years since he addressed a gathering of farmers in Essex, and showed them the fallacy of importing from abroad horses which could well be bred at home. The result was that, after a little while, he started at Elsenham Hall, Essex, his own Shire Horse stud. This gave an impetus which resulted in the establishment of the Shire Horse Society, whose success is in no little measure due to Sir Walter's enthusiasm, while the London exhibitions of these horses have had in him a guide, philosopher, and friend whose services cannot be overrated. Indeed, in 1883, in presenting a Challenge Cup and Gold Medal which the Elsenham stud won at the London Shire Horse Show, the late Duke of Cambridge dwelt on the great services Sir Walter had rendered the nation by the breeding of horses, which ten years before had dwindled almost to vanishing point.

Later on, Sir Walter helped in the formation of the Hackney Horse Society, and some seven years ago gave five thousand guineas to prevent Danegelt, the most celebrated hackney stallion in the world, from leaving this country. Later on, too, Sir Walter played a prominent part in establishing the London Cart-horse Parade on Whit-Monday, a function which has taken a firm hold on the imagination of the community.

So devoted a lover of horses, Sir Walter has written many articles dealing with them, as well as certain books, notable among which are "The History of the War Horse," which has during the centuries developed into the Shire Horse, "The Harness Horse," "Young Racehorses," &c. At Elsenham Hall he has a wonderful collection of pictures, especially of Morland and George Stubbs, and in 1898 he published a Life of the latter artist. In his library and smoking-room he has a fine collection of curiosities—bronzes, models of horses, dogs, and other animals, as well as a fine collection of Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, got together in the days of his youth, before the present craze was started. That craze for collecting he has transmitted to his sons, two of whom, Mr. Henry Walter Gilbey and Mr. Arthur Gilbey, are among the directors of the firm whose headquarters are still within a stone's-throw of the place where it was started nearly half a century ago, when Sir Walter, as he has himself said, "enjoyed life on a total annual expenditure which did not exceed £100."

SIR WALTER GILBEY IN HIS GARDEN AT ELSENHAM HALL  
Photographed for "The Sketch."



LXXXV.—SIR WALTER GILBEY.



IN THE SMOKING-ROOM AT ELSENHAM HALL.

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*



## THE CANDIDATE.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

I AM bound to express my belief that Maychester will never help to return a Liberal to the House of Commons for the Market Waldron Division of Landshire; but hope springs eternal in the breast of Parliamentary candidates, and I was not surprised to learn from the doctor that the young gentleman who seeks to capture the district for Liberalism was summering the country.

But I thought no more about the matter until last week, when I sat in the porch surveying my garden and the lane beyond that passes Father William's cottage. The veteran was tying up lettuces.

Down the road I saw a cloud of dust, heralding a fast-flying motor-car. In less time than it takes me to set the words down, the Liberal Candidate had reached the old man's cottage, and, with brakes hard set, was trying to steer clear of the garden. The wheels must have skidded, I think; certainly the appearance of the trim-cut hedge was not improved, and the Candidate, who seems to know even less about motor-cars than politics, looked quite flushed as he backed out on to the road.

For a moment Father William stared aghast to see his hedge assaulted. Then he gave tongue.

"Do ye come a-breakin' down an ole man's garden?" he screamed. "I'll pay ye, ye varmint!" So saying he shuffled hurriedly within, to reappear in a moment, his crook in hand. Without another word he aimed a deadly blow at the car. "Do ye take that!" he cried, his eyes ablaze, his red shawl flying in the breeze. I think that in the moment of his wrath and excitement machine and driver were one, a twentieth-century centaur.

"I say, my friend, you mustn't hurt the car!" cried the perturbed Candidate. "It's quite an accident; I'm very sorry, but the hedge isn't hurt. And what a nice garden you've got."

"An' ye wanted to break into it, I doubt, ye waster!" screamed Father William, realising the facts of the case. "Do ye come nigh agin wi' that gre't ole machine o' yourn an' I'll gie it a strook that'll break it an' you too."

"Now, my good friend—," began the Candidate, plainly discomfited.

"That's a lie," broke in the veteran. "I ain't no fr'en' o' yourn, an' never weren't; an' if the p'liceman were passin' along, I'd gi'e ye to 'im an' 'e'd take ye, an' no mistake! Arter my wegebles, I shouldn't wonder, an' put 'em in y'r cart an' ride off. Worse nor a poacher ye are, an' so I'll tell ye!"

"Now, please don't be so impatient," pleaded the Candidate, soothingly. "I've driven down here on purpose to have a chat with you. People say you're the oldest inhabitant—"

"An' no doubt ye've come to deny ut," interrupted Father William, sarcastically. "Ye're down 'ere wi' no good purpose, I'll be bound. Why don't ye keep that gre't beast o' yourn quiet, 'stead o' lettin' it stand shiverin' an' shakin' like it's got ague? Do ye think I raise me wegebles f'r fools like that to come a-tramplin' on?"

"Come, come, now," replied the Candidate, mildly; "I'm sure I didn't wish to do any harm. I've ridden over to have a chat with you. I'm the Liberal Candidate for Market Waldron, and people say you give the village a heap of good advice, so I want to explain—"

"Sich lettices," interrupted Father William, "as you come runnin' up agin, but for me 'edge which ye've most spiled, can't be grow'd nowhere. An' me taters what's comin'—"

"Yes, my dear sir," said the Liberal Candidate, interrupting the old man when he might have talked his temper off. "I'm really very sorry to have disturbed things. But now I would like to

have a chat with you about the government of the country."

"I'd talk to ye if I were a score o' years younger," rejoined the veteran, blazing out again. "Lor', I'd gi'e ye th' properest weltn'. Comin' down into a pore ole man's garden wi' yon gre't, nasty, noisy beast what grunts like a threshin'-machine, an' I don't 'low nobody in me garden save I've invited em, an' that's th' p'liceman, an' th' squire, an' th' shepherd, what's a right-for'ard man, an' 'im what lives anigh me an' buys me wegebles. An' ye come a-settin' up th' dust an' breakin' in me 'edge, an' I'll ast p'liceman to summons ye, an' doubt but 'e will, bein' civil an' 'bligin'."

"If I've done any harm to the hedge," said the Candidate, who had been eyeing his front-wheels rather ruefully, for the thorns might well have done more harm to his tyres than the car did to the garden; "if I've done any harm, perhaps you'll allow me to buy a few of your vegetables to make amends?"

"That I won't, by no means," snapped my neighbour, "not to make nothin' with. 'Tain't likely I'll 'elp ye to carry my wegebles to Market Waldron an' say ye growed 'em y'rself, which ye never. I don't trust ye, an' I don't trust that gre't ole machine o' yourn; an' do ye get away wi' ye. I'm 'shamed on ye, 'an no mistake!"

"But, my good friend," persisted the Candidate, and, hearing himself so styled in spite of his disclaimer, Father William's wrath redoubled.

"Do ye call me that agin, an' I'll strike ye wi' me crook-stick!" he cried. "Ye great varmint, comin' an' breakin' into me 'ome an' callin' me y'r fr'en'! Do ye take y'r nasty machine out o' th' road an' leave me to tend me wegebles. I ain't no fr'en' o' th' likes o' ye, an' never were. There ain't a lad what drives th' machines from farm to farm come threshin'-time what can't keep clear o' me 'edge, an' that noisy beast o' yourn ain't nigh th' size o' they."

"But this is a motor-car, and not a thrashing-machine," explained the Candidate, wearily, as he returned to his seat.

"'Tain't no concern o' mine," replied Father William, "what it are or what ye are—a pair o' varmints both o' ye, an' no mistake. Do ye take care to leave me 'edge to bide when ye come rushin' down th' road, or I'll spile ye both. I'm a better man nor ye, though I'm in me ninety-seven, an' do ye leave me in peace."

"Well, if you won't listen to me, I must get along," said the Candidate. "But, there, shake hands."

"'Tain't likely I'll touch ye 'cept wi' me crook-stick!" snapped Father William. "Man comes down th' road what I've never seed, an' breaks me 'edge, an' 'd like to steal me wegebles, no doubt, an' me shake 'ands wi' sich as 'e? Come," he added, sternly, "do ye git right away from 'ere 'fore I 'as more to say to ye, an' I'll tell th' p'liceman to watch f'r ye, an' no mistake. Ah, do ye keep 'im away from me 'fore I—"

Father William made haste to pick up the crook-stick, which had fallen to the ground. The motor swerved, grunted, rumbled, hesitated, and then went down the road, carrying the discomfited Liberal Candidate to fresh experiences.

"Th' fool!" said Father William aloud, as he watched the retreating car. "If 'e'd stopped another minute, I'd 'a' strook 'im wunnerful 'ard, an' no mistake."

Since this visit was paid I have met the Candidate at a tennis-party.

"I suppose you've been out among the country folk?" I remarked, innocently.

"Ahem, ha; yes, I have," replied the Candidate. "I'm astonished at the depths of ignorance and brutality that are to be found among the common people. Their ignorance of their country's history is appalling. Their rudeness and incivility are positively disheartening. Why, do you know, I was received with vile language and was almost assaulted by an old man who is approaching his hundredth year."

"And to what would you attribute your treatment?" I asked him, with a vivid recollection of Father William's trim hedge as it looked after receiving the motor-car's charge.

"There is only one possible explanation," replied the Candidate, earnestly. "The long misrule of the Tory Party. Landlord and parson between them have succeeded in crushing out all the finer feelings of the countryside."

On the following morning I pretended to notice the damage done to my neighbour's hedge for the first time.

"Why, Father William, what's the matter with your hedge?" I asked him.

"Couple o' mad things came down th' road o' Friday," the veteran explained. "A gre't, ugly, noisy ole cart on wheels, an' wi' engines in 'is insides like a threshin'-machine, an' a young fool o' top wi' a mouth full o' soft words. An' they come runnin' agin th' 'edge, an' wanted to shake me 'and an' buy me wegebles, an' I were wunnerful sharp like wi' both on 'em, an' that's th' truth, an' I doubt they won't come a-worritin' a pore ole man agin. For I does me dooty, an' ain't afeard on 'em or nobody else, an' all th' world knows ut."



"IN A SUFFOLK HAY-FIELD."



DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has addressed a letter to the American Ambassador, written for the occasion of the centenary of Nathaniel Hawthorne held at Salem on June 23. The letter is printed in the August *Cornhill*. Mrs. Humphry Ward says that, when she looks back to the books which most strongly influenced her youth, she is aware of a love for certain writings of Hawthorne, a love most ardent and tenacious, which succeeded a passion of the same kind for certain writings of Mr. Ruskin. She was haunted by some pages from "The Stones of Venice," and some scenes from "The Scarlet Letter." "Many of the short stories, no less than 'The Scarlet Letter,' and long before I truly understood them, used to awaken in me a sort of aching and painful joy which was partly sympathy and partly rebellion." In her usual way, Mrs. Ward endeavours to place Hawthorne chronologically. She has the usual calculations. "He was born two years later than Victor Hugo," &c. She goes on: "Naturally, in the 'thirties and 'forties, a man of fine literary capacity, commanding French and German, and associated with Emerson, Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller, must have read the European books of the moment, and must have been stirred by the European ideas and controversies then affecting his craft." There is very little to support this view. If one thing is clearer than another, it is that Hawthorne read little at any period in his life, and that he systematically shunned ideas and controversies.

The truth is that genius is unaccountable. Mrs. Ward is on much surer ground when she speaks of Hawthorne being so absorbed in the spectacle of human character and human suffering that he was able to communicate his vision because his touch was so disinterested and true. We know that Hawthorne liked to fraternise with plain people, to take them on their own terms, and put himself, if possible, into their shoes. So it is that he is an artist whose place grows larger and more certain as the years go on.

To the *Booklovers' Magazine*, a periodical of merit, Mr. T. M. Parrott contributes an estimate of Mr. Zangwill as a playwright. The critic is inclined to defend the last Act of "Merely Mary Ann," in which the lovers separated in the story are brought together and reconciled. He admits that this Act is distinctly less picturesque and attractive than earlier scenes, but denies that it is out of harmony with them. While admitting that Mr. Zangwill is one of the most interesting figures in the world of contemporary English letters, Mr. Parrott doubts whether even his kindest critic can point out any single piece of work in which this clever and prolific author can be shown to have expressed himself fairly and adequately. He thinks that Mr. Zangwill will never be a poet; that his essays, though good, are not enough to build a reputation on; that his potentialities as a novelist are, at best, an open question, but in drama he may take a foremost place.

"He has ability to tell a story, power of characterisation, and the gift of lively and entertaining dialogue. If, in addition, he learns the tricks of the playwright's trade, he may give us a group of plays in which his peculiar powers will find the full and satisfactory expression that has hitherto been denied him." I am inclined to agree with Mr. Parrott. But I still cherish the expectation of seeing a really great novel from Mr. Zangwill. The author of "Children of the Ghetto" has still a work to do.

The new "Life and Letters of Professor Cowell" has some interesting glimpses of Edward FitzGerald. Cowell, it will be remembered, taught FitzGerald Persian, and was, in a sense, the originator of the famous translation of "Omar." The biographer is able to print a few unpublished letters of FitzGerald. An odd paragraph gives an account of how Quaritch sold the first edition of "Omar." He says: "It was bought up by the editor of the *Saturday Review* (Wilks?), who (at a penny apiece) gave them to friends. Why he did not say so much in his paper I do not know." There was never an editor of the *Saturday Review* called Wilks, and that FitzGerald should have thought there was shows how complete was his withdrawal from the world. Later on FitzGerald writes: "Do you know Munro's 'Lucretius'?" Thompson recommended it to me as a piece of conscientious good work; and I am delighted with it—Oh! how I have been regaling on Dickens' 'Mutual Friend'! Quite absurd, I know; but yet the Mighty Little Magician in every page: as true a *genius* as ever lived, though not the highest or completest. He has taken to be Carlylese, I think; not for the better; and in several respects one sees he is not all he was: but he is Dickens still." In another letter FitzGerald says: "Really 'Don Quixote' seems to me now the most purely *delightful* Book I ever read—perhaps only because I happen to be reading it in Spanish. I always wearied of it, I think, in English." On the most interesting point of the interpretation of Omar, FitzGerald refers to the French editor who makes out Omar to be a sufi, and contends that his wine, &c., is all mystically spiritual. "How shall this be?" says FitzGerald. "Some of the Quatrains favour *his* view: some *ours* (for surely you, my Master, thought so?)." I speak under correction, but am rather inclined to think that Cowell leaned to the mystical interpretation of Omar. Of FitzGerald's luckless marriage all that Cowell had to say was that it was a case of two very good friends being spoiled by matrimony.

O. O.



A CASE FOR THE "S.P.C.A."





## A LOOSE ENGINE. By MRS. HERON-MAXWELL.

THE little station at Clatworth had wakened from its usual noon-tide siesta, for the advent of the important trains of the day—one from Anderford Junction, bringing passengers from the London express; the other from remote country towns, conveying those who desired to catch the up-train at the Junction for Waterloo.

A man who had alighted from the down-train looked round him with a smile of dawning recollection. Clatworth again after five years! Curious that chance should have obliged him to get out here, on his way south, and return to the Junction to retrieve an important package he had left behind there.

A feeling of satisfaction stole over him at the difference between his past and present self. In those old days, when his commercial travelling had necessitated a fortnight's sojourn at this dead-alive village, he had been of little account either in his own or any other world.

Then his chance had come and he had taken it. Five years of rough-and-tumble life in every quarter of the globe, with a success at the end of it that landed him high and dry on the level of prosperity, had nearly effaced all remembrance of Clatworth.

As he crossed the line to the strip of geranium-bordered gravel that formed the up-platform, odds and ends of reminiscences began to piece themselves in kaleidoscopic fashion through his brain. There was the stretch of dusty road that led to the pond and the mill; across the fields rose the tower of the old church, embowered in trees.

He was about to overtake some recollection that evaded him, when the train came in, the engine pulling up just opposite to him; and as he moved towards the carriages, he was suddenly arrested by a face that brought back vividly, like a bolt from the blue, the most unpleasant experience of his career.

The engine-driver, leaning a little over his brake, was looking him full in the face with astonished and uneasy recognition, and, as the traveller took in the sunburnt features, the dark, menacing eyes, the strong, brown hand that seemed to twitch towards him, he remembered everything.

There had been a quarrel between this man and himself over a girl—Eppie, the village belle. The young commercial had interfered with their courting, had captured Eppie's truant fancy with his affectation of superiority and town ways, and, after persuading her to throw the other over, had played fast-and-loose with her himself.

It had been a fortnight's interlude of mock sentiment and passion to him, a lifetime of desperate love and grief to her. When he said good-bye to her in the mill lane and she realised that he had failed her, she gave one bitter cry, and, in answer to it, someone had run across the adjoining field, had leapt the intervening hedge, and had struck him down with one swift, savage blow.

He had picked himself up and gone away with a curse in his heart, not daring to risk a fight, for the discarded lover was mad with jealousy.

And now, for the first time, they were face to face again.

For an instant both were silent; then the engine-driver said, hoarsely, "What are you doing here?" And the other, with a contemptuous smile, said, "How's Eppie?"

The driver's furious gaze flickered, and the traveller intuitively looked past the engine, across the station-yard, to a patch of green, where, at a cottage-door, a woman, young and comely, stood with a child in her arms.

The blazing sunlight shone full on their faces, glinting in the gold of their hair, enhancing the clear white and red of their cheeks; they looked the embodiment of spring and summer, of childhood's and womanhood's health, mental and physical, in its perfection.

And, looking back into the driver's eyes, the traveller read the intolerable suspicion and jealous fear that flashed into them, and understood what had happened in those five years. His moment of revenge had come; he had neither waited for it nor counted on it, but he would take advantage of it to the full.

"I was coming along to the Junction," he said, "but I'll wait for the next train. Then I can have a talk with Eppie about old times." And he deliberately turned his gaze towards the cottage-door on the green.

The driver's hand fell like a sledge-hammer on the brake, and he seemed as if he would leap from the engine; but the guard had given the signal of departure, and the train glided slowly out of Clatworth, while the words "Curse you!" smote the air like the lash of a red-hot whip.

The traveller smiled, carried his bag along to the Parcels Office, and stayed for a word or two of converse with the porter, reminding him of their acquaintance five years back.

"I remember the old place well," he said. "It looks just the same as it used to—little changed, any more than the people."

And he went towards the level-crossing, where the gates still barred the footway from road passengers, though no train was due.

"What's the matter with your boss?" said the station-master at the Junction to the stoker of the Clatworth train. "He seems to have gone queer—says he must get home for a bit, and he'll be back to take the five-fifteen out even if he has to run the whole way. Is it—?" with a significant pause.

"It's to do with his wife," said the stoker, slowly. "He sets great store by her and he thinks there's trouble up. But he'll keep his word sure enough and be back in time for her." And he nodded towards the engine.

Meanwhile, the driver had made his way to the "goods" just starting for Clatworth. It seemed an eternity to him until his cottage came in sight, and he stumbled out of the van like a man who has had too much strong drink; but the porter laid a detaining hand on him and pointed towards the waiting-room, round the door of which a group of people clustered, peering and whispering.

"What's up?" said the driver, huskily.

"You remember that commercial chap as was hanging round here five years since or thereabouts? He came back this afternoon and missed his train somehow, so he went across to the Parcels Office and put his bag in, and stopped there along of me, it might have been a couple of minutes or more. I never thought to warn him of the loose engine as follows you up to the Junction—'twasn't as if he was a stranger; he must 'a' known well enough. He could see the gates was back. He was looking over his shoulder as he set his foot on the line, and I shouted out to him then, for I could see the engine round the bend, and he nodded back, with something I couldn't catch; and then, before I could get to him—it was all over!" The man lowered his voice. "He was cut right in two," he said, "and he's in there. Best not look at him. I think"—he hesitated—"I think Eppie's wanting you. She saw it happen and ran across here to know who 'twas. And I wouldn't tell her. You'd best tell her yourself. She said it made her feel rare and nervous about you, and she'd be glad when the five-fifteen brought you back. She'll be main glad to see you before your time."

The engine-driver, shaking like a leaf, went across the green to the cottage-door.

It opened as he reached it, and Eppie's arms were round his neck. "Oh, Jim," she said, "if it had been you! Thank God it wasn't you!"

## DERMOT AT THE WINDOW.

Dermot at the window, Dermot at the door,  
Dermot's shadow falling by mine upon the floor;  
Can I help mishandle the flax thread I spin,  
Dermot at the window, laughing, looking in?

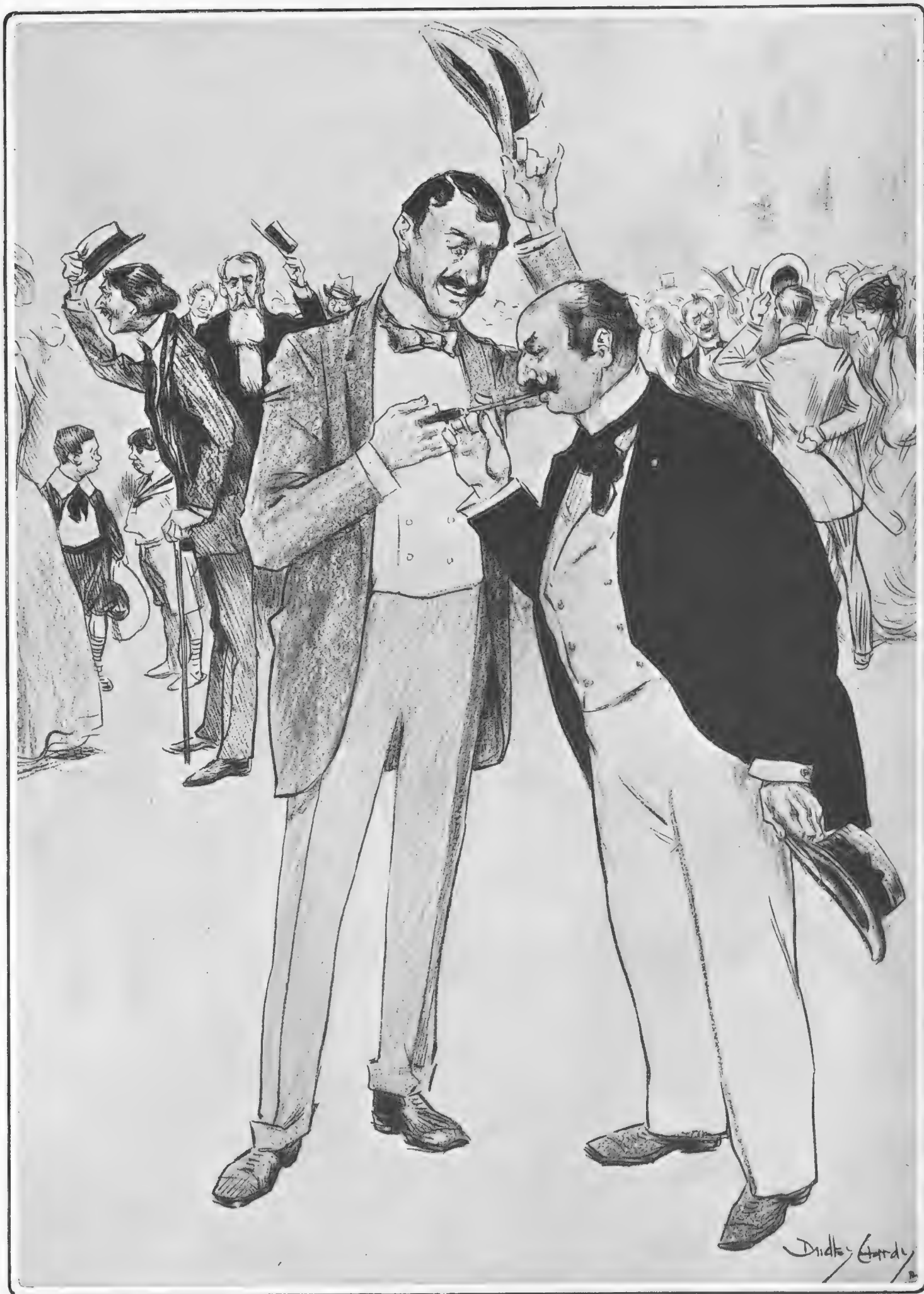
Dermot through the window laughed and looked one day,  
With him at his going he took my heart away;  
Light of foot and light of heart, whistling like a bird,  
Sure I'd follow barefoot if he said the word

Dermot at the window whistles and I start,  
Pale I'll be as hawthorn, with all my blood at heart;  
Dermot from the window turning slow away  
Takes the light and colour with him from my day.

Dermot at the window bids my wheel turn slow;  
How can hand be steady when the heart's aglow  
Like a rose in August when few the roses be,  
Making burning bushes of their bower-tree?

Dermot's at the window—ah, but very soon  
Through our own low doorway we shall watch the moon.  
Honeymoon, make haste to bless with your bliss unknown  
Love and me and Dermot in a cabin of our own.

NORA CHESON.

*Holiday Types. By Dudley Hardy.*

IV.—POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING: A SKETCH AT OSTEND.



*A Seaside Problem. By C. Douglas Mackenzie.*



"EACH SEAT TO HOLD NINE PERSONS."

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE DEBATABLE LAND.

By VIOLET JACOB.

OF the birth and origin of Jessie-Mary no one in the parish knew anything definite. Those who passed up the unfrequented cart-road by her grandmother's thatched hovel used to see the shock-headed child, among the gooseberry-bushes of the old woman's garden, peering at them, like an animal, over the fence.

Whether she were really the grand-daughter of the old beldame inside the mud walls no one knew, nor, for that matter, did anyone care. The hovel was the last remaining house of a little settlement which had disappeared from the side of the burn. Just where it stood, a shallow stream ran across the way and plunged into a wood in which Jessie-Mary had many a time feasted on the plentiful wild raspberries.

It was not until she was left alone in the world that much attention was paid to her existence, and she then presented herself to the parish as a problem; for her life was lived a full half-century before the all-powerful Board School arose to direct and coerce rustic parents and guardians. She had grown into a sturdy girl of twenty, with brown hair which the sun had bleached to a dull yellow twisted up at the back of her head and hanging heavily over her brows. She was a fierce-looking lass with her hot grey eyes. The parish turned its mind to the question of how she might earn a living and was presently relieved when Mrs. Muirhead, who was looking for an able-bodied servant, hired her in that capacity. She was to have a somewhat meagre wage and her clothes, and was to help her mistress in house and yard. When the matter was settled, she packed her few possessions into a bundle and sauntered up the green loaning which ran between the hovel and Mrs. Muirhead's decent roof, marking where one fir-wood ended and another began.

Mrs. Muirhead was the widow of a joiner, and she inhabited a cottage standing just where the woods and the mouth of the loaning touched the high-road that ran north to the hills. She was well-to-do, for a cottager, and her little yard, besides being stacked with planks which her son Peter sawed and planed as his father had done before him, contained a row of hen-coops and a sty enclosing a pig whose proportions waxed as autumn waned. In the garden-plot between her door-step and the road were a couple of trimmed holly-bushes, and the path was edged with white stones. When the laird rode by he cast a favourable eye on the place, which was as neat as it befitted the last house on a man's property to be; when he had passed and was trotting alongside the further wood, he was no longer on his own ground, for the green, whin-choked loaning was debatable land lying between himself and his neighbour.

As Jessie-Mary, with her bundle, came through the whins and opened the gate, Peter Muirhead, who was in the yard, heard the latch click and looked up from his work. At sight of the yellow head by the holly-bushes he laid down the spokeshave he was using and came round to the front. The girl was looking at him with eyes whose directness a youth of his type was liable to misunderstand. He began to smile.

"Will Mistress Muirhead be ben?" said Jessie-Mary, tentatively.

Peter did not answer, but approached, his smile taking meaning.

"Will Mistress Muirhead be ben the house?" she inquired, more loudly.

It occurred to her that he might not be in his right senses, for the mile or two of debatable track which separated her old home from her future one might as well have been ten for all she had seen of the world at the other end of it. She knew very well that Muirhead the joiner had lived where she now stood, and she had seen the old man, but the shambling figure before her was entirely strange. Once, at the edge of the wood, she had listened to the whirr of sawing in the vicinity of the road, and had gathered that the work went on, though Muirhead himself had departed.

"She's no here. Ye'll just hae to put up wi' me," said Peter, jocosely. His mother was in the house, but he saw no reason for divulging the fact.

Jessie-Mary stood silent, scarcely knowing what to say.

"You're a fine lassie," observed Peter, still smiling alluringly.

She eyed him with distrust and her heavy brows lowered over her eyes; she began to walk towards the cottage. He sprang forward, as



though to intercept her, and, as she knocked, he laid hold of her free hand. Mrs. Muirhead, from within, opened the door just in time to see him drop it. She was a short, hard-featured woman, presenting an expanse of white apron to the world; a bunch of turkey's-feathers, in which to stick knitting-needles, was secured between her person and the band of this garment, the points of the quills uppermost. She looked from one to the other, then, drawing Jessie-Mary over the threshold, she slammed the latch.

"Dinna think A' didna see ye, ye limmer!" she exclaimed, taking the girl roughly by the shoulder.

And so, Jessie-Mary's working-life began.

The little room overlooking the yard which was allotted to her was no smaller than the corner she had inhabited in the mud cottage, yet it had a stifling effect; and its paper, which bore a small lilac flower on a buff ground, dazzled her eyes and seemed to press on her from all sides. In the cracked looking-glass which hung on it she could see the disturbing background beyond her head as she combed and flattened her thick hair in accordance with Mrs. Muirhead's ideas. In leisure moments she hemmed at an apron which she was to wear when completed. Mrs. Muirhead was annoyed at finding that she could hardly use a needle; she was far from being an unkind woman, but her understanding stopped at the limits of her own requirements and had never travelled into other people's lives. Jessie-Mary's equally marked limitations appeared to her as the result of natural wickedness.

Wherever the yard was unoccupied by the planks or the pig-sty, it was set about with hen-coops, whose inmates strayed at will from the enclosure to pervade the nearer parts of the wood in those eternal perambulations which occupy fowls. Just outside, where the trees began, was a pleasant strip of sandy soil in which the hens would settle themselves with much clucking and tail-shaking, to sit blinking, like so many vindictive dowagers, at their kind. Through this the Dorking cock, self-conscious and gallant, would conduct the ladies of his family to scratch among the tree-roots; and the wood for about twenty yards from the house wore that peculiar scraped and be-feathered look which announces the proximity of a hen-roost. At night the lower branches were alive with dark forms and the suppressed gurgling which would escape from them. It was a part of Jessie-Mary's duty to attend to the wants of this rabble.

There were times when a longing for flight took the half-civilised girl, though the feeling was scarcely a conscious one. Life, for her, had always been a kind of inevitable accident, a thing in whose ordering she had no part as a whole, however much choice she might have had in its details. But now there was little choice in these; Mrs. Muirhead ordered her day, and she tolerated it as best she could. She hardly knew what to do with her small wage when she got it, for the finery dear to the heart of the modern servant was a thing of which she had no knowledge, and there was no dependent relative who might demand it of her.

The principal trouble of her life was Peter, whose occupations kept him, of necessity, at home, and whose presence grew more hateful as time went on. There was no peace for her within sight of his leering smile. It was only on one day of the week that she was free of him; and, on these Sunday afternoons, as he went up the road to join the loitering knot of "horsemen" from the nearest farm, she would watch him thankfully out of sight from the shelter of the loaning. She hated him with all her heart.

He would lurk about in the evenings, trying to waylay her amongst the trees as she went to gather in the fowls, and once, coming suddenly on her as she turned the corner of the house, he had put his arm about her neck. She had felt his hot breath on her ear, and, in her fury, pushed him from her with such violence that he staggered back against a weak place in the yard-fence and fell through, cutting his elbow on a piece of broken glass. She had stood staring at him as he lay cursing, half-terrified at what she had done, but rejoicing to see the blood trickle down his sleeve. She would have liked to kill him. The dreadful combination of his instincts and his shamblingness was what physically revolted her, though she did not realise it; and his meanness had, more than once, got her into trouble with his mother. She had no consideration to expect from Mrs. Muirhead, as she well knew. To a more complicated nature the position would have been unendurable, but Jessie-Mary endured stubbornly, vindictively, as an animal endures. She was in a cruel position, and her only safeguard lay in the fact that Peter Muirhead was repulsive to her.



But neither morality nor expediency nor the armed panoply of all the virtues have yet succeeded in inventing for a woman a safeguard so strong as her own taste.

It was on a Sunday afternoon towards the end of September that Peter emerged from the garden and strolled up the road. The sun was high above the woods, his rim as yet clear of the tree-tops, and the long shadow from the young man's feet lay in a dark strip between himself and the fence at his side. He wore his black Sunday suit and a tie bought from a travelling salesman who had visited Kaims fair the year before. In his best clothes he looked more ungainly than usual, and even the group of friends who watched his approach from the farm-gate round which they were congregated allowed themselves a joke or two at his expense as he neared them. He could hear their rough laughter, though he was far from guessing its cause. Nature had given him a good content of himself.

Jessie-Mary drew a breath of relief as his steps died away, and she hailed the blessed time, granted to her but weekly, in which she might go about without risk of meeting him. Everything was quiet; Mrs. Muirhead was sitting in the kitchen with her Bible; the door was ajar and the girl could just see a section of her skirt and the self-contained face of the cat which blinked on the hearth beside

ruler, it brought treasures unnumbered in the wealth of the more civilised earth. Here and there a branch of golden broom stood like a sceptre among the black jewels of its hanging pods, and brambles, pushing through the whin-thickets like flames, hung in ragged splashes of carmine and orange and acid yellow. Bushes of that sweet-briar whose little, ardent-coloured rose is one of the glories of eastern Scotland were dressed in the scarlet hips succeeding their bloom, and, between them and the whin, the thrifty spider had woven her net. Underfoot, bracken, escaping from the ditches, had invaded the loaning to clothe it in lemon and russet. Where the ground was marshy, patches of fine rush mixed with that small purple scabious which has its home in the vagabond corners of the land. As Jessie-Mary emerged from the trees her sun-bleached hair seemed the right culmination to this scale of natural colour; had it not been for the dark blue of her cotton gown she might as easily have become absorbed into her surroundings as the roe-deer which is lost, a brown streak in the labyrinth of trunks.

The air had the faint scent of coming decay which haunts even the earliest of autumn days, and the pale, high sky wore a blue suggestive of tears; the exhalations of earth were touched with the bitterness of lichen and fungus. Far away under the slope of the fields, and so



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.—VI. "YOUTH."

"IN GRET PERELL IS SET YOUTH EDE, DELITE SO DOTR HIS BRIDEL LEEDE."—CHAUCER.

*With profound apologies to Briton Riviere, R.A.*

her. She had accompanied her mistress to the kirk that morning, and had thought, as they returned decorously together, that she would go down the loaning again to see the thatched cottage by the burn—perhaps stray a little in the wood among the familiar raspberry-stalks. She had not seen these old haunts since she left them for Mrs. Muirhead's service.

She took off her apron and went out bareheaded. On the outskirts of the trees the hens were rustling and fluttering in the dust; as she passed, they all arose and followed her. She had not remembered that their feeding-time was due in half-an-hour, and, for a moment, she stood irresolute. If she were to go on her intended way there would be no one to give them their food. She determined to make and administer it at once; there would be plenty of time afterwards to do what she wished to do.

She was so little delayed that, when the pail was put away and the water poured into the tin dishes, there was still a long afternoon before her. She threaded her way slowly through the fir-stems, stopping to look at the rabbit-tracks or to listen to the cooing of wood-pigeons, her path fragrant with the scent of pine. After walking some way, she struck across the far end of the loaning into the road which led to the mud hovel.

Autumn was approaching its very zenith, and the debatable land offered gorgeous tribute to the season. Like some outlandish savage

hidden from sight, Kaims lay between the ocean and the estuary of the South Lough, with, beyond its spire, the sweep of the North Sea.

A few minutes later she found herself standing on the large, flat stone which bridged the burn where the foot-path crossed it by her grandmother's hovel. She remained gazing at the walls rising from the unkempt tangle to which months of complete neglect were reducing the garden. The fence was broken in many places, and clumps of phlox, growing in a corner, had been trodden by the feet of strayed animals. Beneath her the water sang with the same irresponsible babble which had once been an accompaniment to her life; she turned to follow it with her eyes as it dived under the matted grasses and disappeared into the wood.

All at once, from beyond the cottage, there rose a shout which made her heart jump, and she started to see two figures approaching through the field by the side of the burn; the blood left her face as she recognised one of them as Peter Muirhead. She sprang quickly from the stone and over the rail dividing the wood from the path; it was a foolish action and it produced its natural result. As she did so, a yell came from the field, and she saw that Peter and his companion had begun to run.

Through the trees she fled, the derisive voices whooping behind her; she was terrified of her tormentor, and the unreasoning animal fear of pursuit was upon her. As she heard the rail crack, she knew

that he had entered the wood, and instinct turned her towards the loaning, where the cover was thick and where she might turn aside in the tangle and be lost in some hidden nook while they passed her by. It was her best chance.

She plunged out from among the firs into the open track; for a hundred yards ahead the bushes were sparse and there was no obstacle to hinder her flight. She was swift of foot, and the damp earth flew beneath her. Through the whins beyond she went, scratching her hands on protruding brambles and stumbling among the roots. Once her dress caught in a stiff branch and she rent it away, tearing it from knee to hem. The voices behind her rose again, and her breath was giving out.

Emerging from the thicket, she almost bounded into a little circle of fire, the smoke of which she had been too much excited to notice, though it was rising, blue and fine, from the clearing she had reached. A small tent was before her, made of tattered sail-cloth stretched over some dry branches, and, beside it, a light cart reposed, empty, upon its tail-board, the shafts to the sky.

In front of the tent stood a tall, lean man. His look was fixed upon her as she appeared, and he had evidently been listening to the sound of her approaching feet. His face was as brown as the fir-stems that closed him in on either side of the loaning, and his eyes, brown also, had a peculiar watchful light that was almost startling. He stood as still as though he were an image, and he wore a gold ring in either ear.

To Jessie-Mary, a living creature at that moment represented salvation, and, almost before the man had time to turn his head, she had leaped into the tent. Inside, by a little heap of brushwood, lay a tarpaulin, evidently used in wet weather to supplement its shelter, and she flung herself down on the ground, dragging the thing over her. The man stood immovable, looking fixedly at the bushes, from the other side of which came the noise of jeering voices.

As Peter Muirhead and his friend, red and panting, pushed into the open space, they eyed the unexpected apparition with some astonishment. Tinkers and Gipsies were far from uncommon in the debatable land, but the tall, still figure, with its intent eyes, brought them to a standstill. Peter mopped his forehead.

"Did ye see a lassie gae by yon way?" he inquired, standing, somewhat dishevelled by his run, the sensational tie under one ear.

The brown man nodded, and, without a word, pointed his thumb over one shoulder in the direction in which they were going.

Peter and his companion glanced at each other; the former was rather blown, for he was not naturally active.

"Huts! A' 've had eneuch o' yon damned tawpie!" he exclaimed, throwing his cap on the ground.

The brown man looked him over carefully and smiled; there was a kind of primitive subtlety in his face.

Like many ill-favoured persons, Peter was vain, and the look displeased him, for its faint derisiveness was accentuated by the silence which accompanied it.

"A' 'll awa' to Kaims an' get the police to you the night," he said, with as much superiority as he could muster; "the like of you's better out of this."

"Ye 'll no can run sae far," replied the other.

The answer was a mere burst of profanity.

"Come awa' now, come awa'," said Peter's friend, scenting difficulties and unwilling to embroil himself.

But Peter was in a quarrelsome humour, and it was some little time before the two young men disappeared down the track and Jessie-Mary could crawl from her hiding-place. She came out from under the sail-cloth, holding together the rent in her gown. The brown man smiled, a different smile from the one with which he had regarded Peter; then he stepped up on a high tussock of rush to look after her pursuers.

"Are they awa'?" she asked, her eyes still dilated.

"Aye," replied he. "A' didna tell on ye, ye see."

"A' 'd like fine to bide a bit," said the girl, nervously; "they michna' be far yet."

"Just sit ye down there," said he, pointing to his tattered apology for a dwelling.

She re-entered the tent and he seated himself before her on the threshold. For some minutes neither spoke, and he looked her over from head to foot. It was plain he was one chary of words. He took a short pipe from his pocket, and, stuffing in some tobacco, lit it deliberately.

"A' saw yon lad last time A' was this way," he said, jerking his head in the direction in which Peter had disappeared.

As she opened her mouth to reply the snort of a horse came through the bushes a few yards from where they sat. She started violently. There was a sudden gleam in his face which seemed to be his nearest approach to a laugh. "Hut! ye needna' be feared," he said; "naebod' 'll touch ye wi' me."

"A' was fine an' glad to see ye," broke out the girl. "Yon Muirhead's an ill lad to hae i' the house—A' bide wi' his mother, ye ken."

As she spoke the tears welled up in her eyes and rolled over. She was by no means given to weeping, but she was a good deal shaken by her flight, and it was months since she had spoken to anyone whose point of view could approach her own. Not that she had any conscious point of view, but, in common with us all, she had a sub-conscious one. She brushed her sleeve across her eyes.

He sat silent, pulling at his pipe; from the trees came the long-drawn note of a wood-pigeon.

"A' 'll need be awa' hame an' see to the hens," said the girl at last.

The man sat still as she rose, watching her till the whins closed behind her; then he got up slowly and went to water the pony which was hobbled a few yards off. When evening fell on the debatable land, it found him sitting at his threshold, smoking as he mended the rabbit-snare in his hand.

For Jessie-Mary, the days which followed these events were troublous enough. The tear in her gown was badly mended, and Mrs. Muirhead, who had provided the clothes her servant wore, scolded her angrily. Peter was sulky, and, though he left her alone, he vented his anger in small ways which made domestic life intolerable to the women. Added to this, the young Black Spanish hen was missing.

The search raged far and near over the wood. The bird, an incorrigible strayer, had repaid previous effort by being found in some outlying tangle with a "stolen nest" and an air of irritated surprise at interruption. But hens were not clucking at this season, and Mrs. Muirhead, in the dusk of one evening, announced her certainty that some cat or trap had removed the truant from her reach for ever.

"There's mony would put a lazy cutty like you out o' the place for this!" she exclaimed, as she and Jessie-Mary met outside the yard after their fruitless search. "A' 'm fair disgusted wi' ye. Awa' ye go ben the house an' get the kitchen reddit up—just awa' in-by wi' ye, d' ye hear?"

Jessie-Mary obeyed sullenly. The kitchen window was half-open, and she paused beside it before beginning to clear the table and set out the evening meal. A cupboard close to her hand held the cheese and bannocks, but she did not turn its key. Her listless look fell upon the planet that was coming out of the approaching twilight and taking definiteness above a mass of dark fir-tops framed in by the window-sash. She had small conscious joy in such sights, for the pleasures given by these are the outcome of a higher civilisation than she had yet attained. But, even to her, the point of serene silver hung in the translucent field of sky had a remote, wordless peace. She stood staring, her arms dropped at her sides.

The shrill tones of her mistress came to her ear; she was telling Peter, who stood outside, the history of her loss. Lamentation for the Black Spanish hen mingled with the recital of her servant's carelessness, of the villainy of serving-lasses as a body, of the height in the price of young poultry-stock. Like many more valuable beings, the froward bird was assuming after death an importance she had never known in life.

A high-pitched exclamation came from Peter's lips.

"Ye needna' speir muckle for her," he said; "she's roastit by this time. There's a lad down the loan kens mair about her nor any other body."

"Michty-me!" cried Mrs. Muirhead.

"Aye, A' 'm tellin' ye," continued he; "the warst-lookin' great deevil that ever ye saw yet. He gi'ed me impidence, too, but A' didna tak' muckle o' that. 'Anither word,' says I, 'an' ye 'll get the best thrashin' that ever ye got.' He hadna' vera muckle to say after that, A' warrant ye!"

Seldom had Mrs. Muirhead been so much disturbed; her voice rose to unusual heights as she discussed the matter; the local policeman must be fetched at once, she declared, and, as she adjured her son to start for his house without delay, Jessie-Mary could hear the young man's sturdy refusal to move a step before he had had his tea. She was recalled to her work by this and began to set out the meal.

As she sat, a few minutes later, taking her own share at the further end of the table, the subject was still uppermost, and, by the time she rose, mother and son were fiercely divided; for Peter, who had taken off his boots and was comfortable, refused to stir till the following morning. The hen had been missing three days, he said, and the thief was still in his place; it was not likely he would run that night. And the constable's cottage was over a mile off. The household dispersed in wrath.

In the hour when midnight grew into morning, Jessie-Mary closed the cottage door behind her and stole out among the silent trees. The pine-scent came up from under her feet as she trod and down from the blackness overhead. The moon, which had risen late, was near her setting, and the light of the little sickle just showed her the direction in which she should go. In and out of the shadows she went, her goal the clearing among the whins in the debatable land. As the steeple of distant Kaims, slumbering calmly between the marshes and the sea, rang one, she slipped out of the bushes, and, going into the tent, awakened the sleeping man.

It was some time before the two came out from the shelter, and the first cock was crowing as the pony was roused and led from his tether under the tilted shafts. The sail-cloth was taken down, and a medley of pots and pans and odd-looking implements thrown into the cart; its wheels were noiseless on the soft sod of the loaning as, by twists and turns, they thrust their way along the overgrown path.

Day broke on the figures of a man and woman who descended the slope of the fields towards the high-road. The man walked first.

And, in the debatable land among the brambles, a few black feathers blew on the morning wind.

THE END.



"THE OLDEST TALE SINCE EARTH BEGAN."

—RUDYARD KIPLING.



DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

PATRONS OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.



DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"THE MANAGERESS" is the happy title which has been chosen for Mr. Michael Morton's adaptation of "La Montansier," in which Miss Lena Ashwell will begin her career as a manageress. Miss Ashwell had hoped that she would have been able to appear at the Coronet without any notice being taken of the fact, and no one could possibly have been more surprised than she has been at the widespread interest which has been shown in her venture. It would, indeed, be strange were this otherwise, for Miss Ashwell is so highly dowered with temperament and possesses so vivid an insight into the springs of character that her freedom to play the parts which appeal to her, instead of acting merely as leading lady now in this theatre, now in that, in subordination to the requirements of actor-managers, cannot help advancing the possibilities of the drama in a certain direction, for, sooner or later—and it is to be hoped that it will be sooner than later—Miss Ashwell must appear in plays by English authors instead of in adaptations from the French, however skilful they may be.

The "glorious summer" weather is for many reasons the "winter of discontent" of those whose voices are, in the ordinary way, "heard in the Green-room." (Quite a lot of inverted commas to keep an inverted quotation in countenance.) The reason is that holidays are over or within measurable distance of finishing, and instead of lolling about doing the *dolce far niente*, "in happy homes on heath or hill, by park or river"—to use Calverley's line applied not to the country, but to London, urban and suburban—the actors have come to town and are in the throes of rehearsals.

There is no time more nerve-wearing and wearying than the season of preparation with the prospect of the first-night and its attendant nervousness and uncertainty getting nearer and nearer as day succeeds day. When, however, to this is added the inevitable effect of the tropical heat under which we have been sweltering, the sensitive organisation of the actor is still more affected than usual, and he may be pardoned if he is envious of the condition of mortals who may be regarded as more fortunate than himself. Still, during the sweltering heat of the day, it must be admitted that the semi-darkened stage of the theatre, and the free access of air it offers, coupled with the enormous space of the empty auditorium, make the working conditions of the actor immeasurably superior to those which have to be borne by the ordinary worker, who does not get anything even remotely approaching the same number of cubic feet of space while in the pursuit of his "daily round, the common toil."

There is one class of actor who has reason to be grateful to the heat of the summer. This is the understudy who is called upon to do duty while the principal actor is out of the bill, holiday-making. At the Gaiety, for instance, Mr. Edmund Payne has been and is being deputed for by Mr. George Gregory, while the place of the exquisitely beautiful Miss Marie Studholme has been filled up by Miss Gertrude Gilliam. This week, Miss Gertie Millar goes away, Miss Gabrielle Ray taking her place, and Mr. George Grossmith is succeeded by Mr. Charles Brown. Were Mr. Grossmith's name kept out of the bill it would be quite possible for the audience, well acquainted as it is with his striking individuality, to be deceived, for, although by no means Mr. Grossmith's double in private life, Mr. Brown so succeeds in transforming his features that he tricks his individuality with remarkable success into that of Mr. Grossmith. Indeed, on one occasion, when he was playing for Mr. George Grossmith junior, Mr. George Grossmith senior was in the theatre, and was amazed at Mr. Brown's resemblance to his son. This likeness comes out even in a photograph, and there is nothing more calculated to disillusion the illusion than is the camera, witness the number of actors who have played Napoleon and looked remarkably like him on the stage, yet in their photographs were nothing at all like the man who, his first wife declared, was too beautiful to wear a beard.

At Mr. George Edwardes's other theatre, Daly's, understudies are conspicuous by their absence. While both Mr. Hayden Coffin and Miss Isabel Jay are away, special engagements have been made to fill their places in the persons of Mr. Louis Bradfield and Miss Anna Hickisch.

Both have made conspicuous successes, though the result is not the same in each case. Mr. Bradfield holds an assured position on the London stage of musical comedy, so much so that in our little world behind the scenes he has given his name to a particular kind of light-comedy part. Miss Hickisch, who has been acting Miss Evie Greene's part in "A Country Girl" on tour, has shown herself the possessor of so beautiful a voice and such skill in acting that she is destined before long to fill an important place in London, even though, when Miss Jay returns, she is compelled to resign her part.

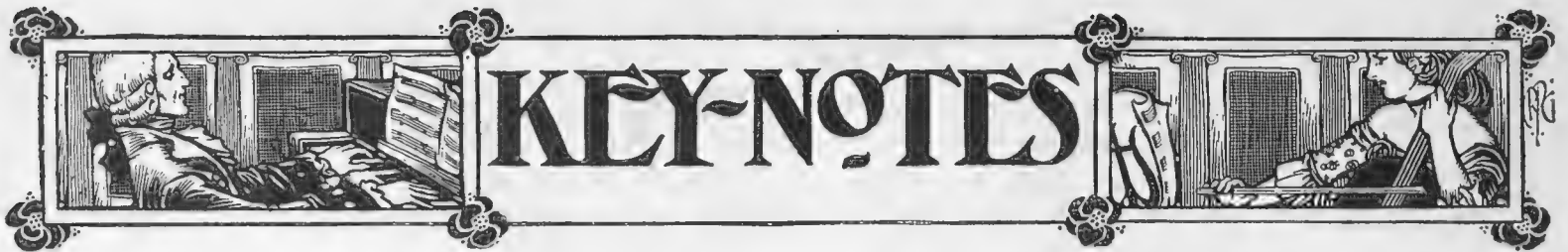
Another well-known novelist has been added to the list of our playwrights, and our women playwrights at that. This is Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who demonstrated so conclusively in "The Visits of Elizabeth" that she has a very considerable skill in characterisation which she is able to suggest with a minimum of words.

When the Royalty reopens, as it will in the course of this month, with "The Passing of a Dream," by Mr. Reginald Kennedy-Cox, Mr. Hubert H. Davies will no longer be the most juvenile of our playwrights. Mr. Kennedy-Cox, though an Oxford "man," owing allegiance to Hertford College, is a youth of only eighteen. Although "The Passing of a Dream" is his first play to be produced at the West-End, a four-Act modern comedy by him has been accepted by Miss Beryl Faber, and will be seen at one of the chief theatres in the early autumn. And since, when Fate is propitious, she sheds her favours with no niggardly hand, Mr. Kennedy-Cox has commissions for two more pieces. Personally, Mr. Kennedy-Cox is a well-set-up, athletic young man, and his tastes run in the direction of the river, where he spends most of the summer on his house-boat, the *Musroda*, which is stationed at Henley.



MR. EDWARD TERRY, THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN, AND HIS SON.

Photograph by Bunnett.



LONDON is kept alive, so far as music is concerned, by the Promenade Concerts, and one cannot but be a little genuinely sorry that the season should have begun so abnormally early. One does not speak here with the voice of some haply disappointed critic, but one would really have thought that so crowded a season as that which we have passed through would have made, for the moment, the least jaded of critics and listeners not anxious for so immediate a renewal of acquaintance with the Muse. With all the crowded galleries at the Opera, the genuine and what may be called the skirmishing concerts, one would really have supposed that even the "Man in the Street" might desire to leave his thirst for music alone: It is not to be. Mr. Wood's wonderful band, the exquisite programmes of his choice, the splendid *ensemble*, the cunning division of each concert into classic and popular—these things prove attractive, apparently enchanting, even to men of many recreations. Who will say now—one must choose one's words delicately, remembering Sir Edward Elgar—that London is not a musical "nation"?

Apart from these Promenades, which last well on into October, there will be at the end of August the Provincial Festivals to look

effect of arousing all the enthusiasm of the Leeds choristers, of whom Sir Arthur Sullivan said: "That is the greatest Choir I ever heard"; and again: "For sheer beauty of sound I never heard its equal." There is, too, a sense of powerful effort about the Leeds Festival which always prepares one for something on a colossal scale in the general results. How well does the present writer remember the finest performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony that he has ever heard, which was conducted by Sullivan at Leeds!

In the old days there was a tendency on the part of certain critics to lower the value of Sullivan as a conductor. From whence this notion sprang it is impossible to say. Some—perhaps all—of these judged from the extreme quietude of manner which he adopted during his conducting. Many demanded more gesture, more excitement, and, though, at the close of a given performance, they were free to acknowledge its excellence, they would attribute all to some sort of automatic virtue of the band. Now the fact was that Sullivan's work was chiefly done in rehearsal; he allowed nothing to pass; he worked up every phrase, every effect, according to his own critical view, and when the "dies amara valde" came there was nothing left



"THE SERENADERS" CONCERT PARTY, NOW APPEARING AT THE CLARENCE PIER, SOUTHSEA.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

forward to. The Provincial Festivals, year by year, grow upon the London critic. To hear music under circumstances of grave and dignified novelty, and quite apart from the dust, wear, and tear associated with Metropolitan concerts, is one knows not how charming an experience. Gloucester begins the rounds—the Festival of the Three Choirs having fallen to its lot to support this year. The present writer has always had a sneaking preference for Hereford since his duties as a musical critic began; but that is the merest rag of prejudice, and one trusts that Gloucester will do great things this year.

Cardiff, again, is due with its Festival this year. It will be remembered that, on the occasion of its last Festival, the Bristol Festival clashed with it, thereby necessitating a rearrangement by which they might occur in successive years and not simultaneously. The last Cardiff Festival, under the direction of Dr. F. Cowen, was a very emphatic success, when Miss Muriel Foster, although she had made a great success previously, came so very prominently before a critical public. Here, too, was given César Franck's "Beatitudes," a work which, of course, by no means new at the time, had been very rarely performed, and has been left practically unknown, so far as this country is concerned, ever since. That the general judgment was right seems unfortunately to have been more or less clear. There is a great deal of superfluity about the score. It is Sir Edward Elgar who in his "Apostles" shows in what spirit the "Beatitudes" ought to be written.

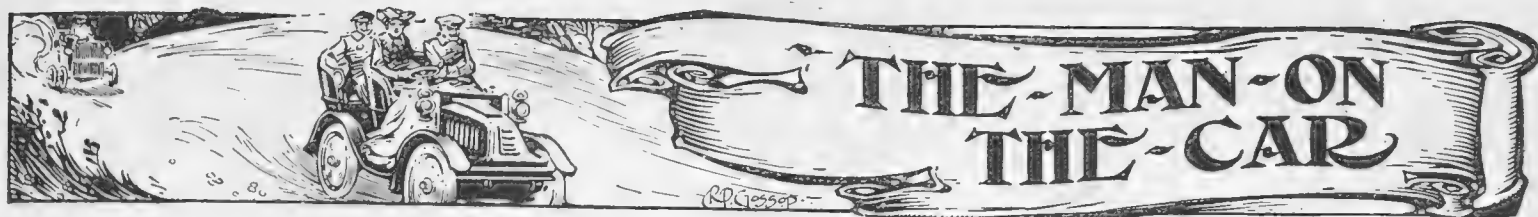
The great Festival of the year is, however, of course, that of Leeds. One always used to look forward to Leeds as the greatest of the greater Festivals; and if another Yorkshire town, Sheffield, has begun to enter upon a very serious rivalry with Leeds, that will probably have the

to chance—or next to nothing; and hence these triumphs, from the scenes of which he has passed.

As we are on the subject of Festivals, when are we going to have the York Festival, rumours of which we have heard from time to time, and which will, of course, be in the hands of the very clever organist of York Minster, Mr. Tertius Noble? One knows that for some time past Mr. Noble has been exceedingly busy in building up a native choir and a native orchestra which shall do justice to the ancient glories of York Minster as a musical town; but it would be interesting to discover precisely at what point he has arrived in his undertaking. York has always struck the present writer as a city which, no less than Nürnberg, would have proved an excellent centre for the great comedy of "Die Meistersinger." Wagner, as an Englishman, would have, it might have been, set his guilds and his singers in York, for here, too, are all the elemental accessories of the great drama; there is the lovely river, there are the adjoining fields, there are the narrow streets, and, moreover, in the Middle Ages there were all the various guilds and their precise ways and works. But we have had no Wagner, and the scenery of all English Grand Opera is usually set in the Tyrol, the Black Forest, or in the suburbs (shall we say?) of Prague.

Munich is again about to do Wagner, Mozart, and itself the great honour of giving a Festival in honour of these great musicians in August and September at, one presumes, the Prinz-Regenten Theater. "Common Chord" has attended these Festivals before, and he knows nothing, of their kind, more delightful and interesting. Here at last Mozart enters into his own, and Wagner at Munich is not outrivalled by Wagner of Bayreuth. More one need not say.—COMMON CHORD.





*Motor-Boat Racing—A Triumph for England—Road-Making—Certificates for Chauffeurs—Another Trial.*

NOTWITHSTANDING its novelty, motor-boat racing has already seized upon the public imagination, particularly upon that section which is always keen upon water-seats of any kind. The Twenty Hours' Reliability Trials for motor-boats, held last month in Southampton Water, proved the extraordinary staying-power of these small craft over and above such sized boats propelled by steam, and the clear lead which, very naturally, England has taken in the construction of these fast, handy, and staunch little vessels. But though the Reliability Trials were of marked utility, the sensational event of the motor-boat racing season promised to be the big event for the British International Cup, a trophy presented by Sir Alfred Charles Harmsworth, Bart., and intended to be to the waterways what the Gordon Bennett Cup is to the roads.

This international event, for which England, France, and America had entered boats, was run off, so far as the Final Heat was concerned, on a course out-and-home from Ryde Pier, in the presence of their Gracious Majesties the King and Queen, who viewed the race from their yacht. This proved a veritable triumph for England, for the slower of the two Napier boats, namely, *Napier Minor*, actually defeated the *Trèfle aux Quatres*, whose reputation made during the Nice Week in the Mediterranean led one to imagine that she would prove invincible to anything that could be put into the water against her on this side of the Channel. The Eliminating Trial disposed most completely of the 150 horse-power American boat entered by Messrs. Smith and Mabley, her spark-contacts fouling, and thus giving the race to *Napier II.* The French Serpollet boat did not put in an appearance, a defection greatly regretted, as her presence would have given some line by which the relative merits of petrol and steam for motor-boat propulsion might be estimated. In the test between the two Napier motor-boats, the more powerful of the two, *Napier II.*, was unfortunate enough to strike some floating obstacle and effectively put herself out of the hunt for the Final, wherein the slower boat, *Napier Minor*, was, by the defections of the Shelton and Thornycroft craft, obliged to do battle for England against the redoubtable *Trèfle aux Quatres*. This she did, however, and bravely enough, for, under the eyes of the King and Queen, she succeeded in leading the French boat over the line by more than a minute. Thus England retains the Cup for yet another year.

The Staines Road Surveyor and his Council deserve the hearty thanks of the public generally and the automobile fraternity in particular, for they have spared no pains or expense in experimenting with the various preparations which are accounted to lessen or wholly abate the dust nuisance. The Surveyor, in a report which lies before me, pronounces most unhesitatingly in favour of "Tar-Mac," a material to which I have referred more than once in these Notes, and which is formed of a selected iron slag taken as directly as possible from the furnace, and, when sufficiently cool, broken to any required gauge, after which it is incorporated with tar-cresote, &c., in a cylindrical mixer, and then put down in place of the ordinary road-metalling in layers of two to two and a-half inches, followed by a finishing layer of one to one and a-quarter inches, according to the nature of the traffic to be carried. From the evidence afforded by the experimental lengths laid on the Kingston-Staines road, he has recommended his Council to renew the whole of their much-frequented roads with this material as opportunity offers. It would be well if other Road Surveyors took steps to lay experimental stretches of the same material for demonstration to their respective authorities.

The Automobile Club's duties are many and various, and the administrative and technical staffs are at all times very hard-worked, but I think that it is urgent that some method of certifying mechanics should be arranged by the Club. A stringent examination could be arranged for the chauffeurs, and the possession of a Club certificate attested by the Technical Secretary and the Club Engineer would be sufficient to give confidence to any car-owner employing such a man. At present, there is no guarantee of ability soever except the testimonials of late employers, which are not always so reliable as they might be.

The Motor-Cycling Club will, on Sept. 10, run a very interesting Motor-Cycle Reliability Trial for all motor-cycles as defined by the Local Government Board. It will consist of a non-stop run of one hundred miles, followed, after a lunch-interval, by a further non-stop run of fifty miles. No dismount and no adjustment whatever must be made from the start of the hundred to the close of the fifty miles.



MRS. HOUSTON FRENCH (SISTER OF LADY FORESTIER-WALKER).

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Next Year's Fixtures—Handicaps.*

THE closing of the important Autumn Handicaps (the entries for which were satisfactory) shows how the racing season is speeding away. The interval between the Sussex Fortnight and Doncaster is well filled with racing, but little of this has any but passing interest, for it is mostly designed for the amusement of holiday-makers. At Kempton Park, in the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate, worth 1500 sovs., for three-year-olds, are Clonmell (who was at one time talked about for the Derby), Dividend, Lancashire, and Grey Plume. Clonmell ought to win if in anything like racing shape. At Redcar, Brielle may win the Wilton Plate, and His Majesty ought to win the National Breeders' Foal Stakes. Thrush looks good for the Staffordshire Breeders' Plate at Dunstall Park. At Stockton (the second meeting on the Northern Circuit), Ceyx may win the Wynyard Plate, Andover the Great Northern Leger, and Désirée the Hardwicke Stakes.

The list of racing fixtures under Jockey Club Rules for next year, shows no reduction, for, whereas Northampton at last disappears—and there will be few tears shed over its passing—an extra day is granted to Folkestone on April 19, and Newbury opens on Sept. 26 and 27. Next year's season is shorter by a week than this year's, for, whereas we began at Lincoln on March 21 and close at Manchester on Nov. 26, flat-racing in 1905 does not begin till March 27 and will end on Nov. 25. There was talk about this being the last year of Alexandra Park, but I am glad that the lie has been given to all rumours by the fixing up of five Saturday-afternoon meetings for 1905, including Goodwood and Doncaster weeks as usual.

A glance at the results of the big handicaps this year forms an interesting and instructive side-light on the complaints about and anathemas hurled at handicappers and their work. To begin at the beginning, Uninsured certainly started favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and as certainly won that race, but he would be a bold man who would be ready to declare that the horse was "handicapped" to win. More reasonable is it to suppose that at about that time the horses from Fallon's stable were much fitter than those from other stables, and the soft ground suited Uninsured, who is something of a cripple. The Liverpool Spring Cup was almost a triumph for the handicapper, as Grey Goblin, which won, was bottom-weight,

Prince Royal, who was beaten by a head, was a middle-weight, and Torrent, who finished third, was one of the top-weights.

Coming to the Great Metropolitan, the race can certainly be quoted as a success for the handicapper. Punters, regular and irregular, pitched upon Mark Time as being *the* good thing of the year, and not even the 5 lb. extra carried by the horse could possibly prevent it from winning. The upshot was that Elba beat Mark Time

by about half a length, which represented very nearly the 5 lb. penalty that Mark Time carried. Another instance—and, perhaps, a better one still—of the handicapper coming out on top was furnished by the race for the City and Suburban. Here, again, the weight-adjuster was said to have made a present of the race to a horse—Niphetos, to wit—and such a feverish desire did backers display in falling over one another to take with both hands what the poor handicapper had put in their way that Niphetos started a warm favourite at 3 to 1. With what result? Robert le Diable, who was weighted up to his best form, won, and was allowed to start at 40 to 1; and Niphetos was unplaced. In the Chester Cup the finish was confined to Sandboy (6 st. 2 lb.), Mark Time (7 st. 12 lb.), and Throwaway (8 st. 8 lb.), so that again the handicapper scored with a top, middle, and bottom weight. The same may also be said



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

CLUB CRICKET.

"You've got your pad on the wrong leg."

"Bless me, so I have! I thought I was going in at the other end."

of the Jubilee Stakes, when the weights carried by the first three were 9 st. 5 lb., 5 st. 13 lb., and 7 st. 3 lb.

To quote two other instances, Merry Andrew's victory in the Ascot Stakes was certainly not anticipated, but all the "good goods" were nevertheless bowled over, as they were with even more startling effect in the Stewards' Cup by the aid of Melayr. Csardas, who won the Hunt Cup, had 7 st. 5 lb., which was as much as he was legitimately entitled to, and on the day of his victory he happened to be sound and running over a course to which he had previously shown a liking. Taking the big handicaps of the year altogether, and even granting that Uninsured, Ypsilanti, Sandboy, and Csardas were "presented" with the races they won, as has been stated, the handicappers certainly defeated the "talent" by their work in connection with Robert le Diable, Melayr, Elba, Merry Andrew, and Grey Goblin.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN a summer of deliciously sultry and seasonable experiences like the present, one's thoughts turn lightly to the lightest of clothing, the coolest of drinks, the shadiest of gardens, and last, but by no means least, to the aquatic excitements and refreshments of the seaside. The bathing-costume is decidedly the thing of the

the shops which have run the gamut of a Paris season and, being consequently "rather tired," are offered at a sixth and seventh of their original fabulous figures. We are an extravagant and showy generation beyond doubt, and it is written that smart clothes must be obtained and obtainable somehow. Incomes and allowances generally being, on the other hand, in a declining scale, the introduction of these clothes agencies seems to arrive at the opportune moment. Doubtless the *couturières* will not relish the innovation. Indeed, one has already heard complaints that a distinct shrinkage in orders for expensive clothes has been one of the symptoms of this year's inevitable retrenchments. But if we must be smart and cannot afford to be so at premier prices, these devices for the indulgence of our tastes will naturally obtain a good hearing.

Apropos of that same unpleasant necessity for economy which seems to rule in all classes just now, it is quite certain that there is but one golden rule as applied to women's dress. Let us economise never so nearly, it will be found cheaper in the end to go to a good dressmaker. Two really well-made gowns are worth two dozen cheap ones. They look well to the end and can be worn every day, while one continuous week will show on cheap finery. The inexpensive "reach-me-down," which looks so fascinating in a shop-window, shows its third-rate origin directly it is worn. Most women, it may be added, with modest allowances, varying from fifty to a hundred a year, fritter their pin-money on trifles and five-guinea frocks. A grand mistake. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is cheaper to pay



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY COSTUME FOR HOMBURG.

moment, therefore, and to the woman of average good taste her sea-toilettes and surf-gowns, as they are called in America, now mean at least as much as her entire seaside trousseau did a dozen years ago. Hats, stockings, and shoes now usually accompany the well-thought-out sea-going *ensemble*. Waterproof caps have been tried and found unbecoming, so substitutes are found in the prettiest possible linen hats, held under the chin by broad silk-elastic.

A smart bathing-dress now on its way in a friend's trunk to Deauville for the Race Week, which begins on Friday (12th), is made of crimson and white Jersey cloth, with a double tunic, one much shorter than the other, giving the effect of a double flounce. Another dress, belonging to the same smart little Madam, was of brown serge, very thin and fine, edged with bands of scarlet embroidery, a scarlet linen hat and shoes completing this ineffable get-up. Scarlet is, perhaps, the best colour for marine effects; it shows up brightly in the water and does not lose its colour as pinks and lighter blues are apt to do.

As a refreshment to the chronically thirsty with leanings towards temperance, one hears "Eiffel Tower Lemonade" lauded appropriately high. It is not too distressingly sweet and cloying, as made-up summer-drinks are wont to be; the jellies of that name are also quite good and easily prepared.

It is freely said that, as a consequence of the general depression about which we hear so much in the papers nowadays, women are not really spending half as much on smart gowns as they appear to do, agencies being, in fact, established for the sale of smart models from



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING SUMMER TOILETTE.

ten or fifteen guineas for a first-rate frock than half, since it remains wearable and retains its shape quite three times as long as its unskilful and inartistic imitation.

In this country, in America, and on the Continent the wares of the Crown Perfumery Company enjoy an enviable reputation for excellence; hence any new scent, soap, or other toilet preparation bearing the



cachet of the firm's name is always sure of a warm welcome. One of the Company's latest productions is the "Nadia," a violet perfume, manufactured from flowers in this country, which assuredly ranks among the best of its class. Another is the "Sweet Pea," which has already made its way into popular favour, while the Company's "Lemzoin" Soap is a peculiarly sweet-smelling and refreshing article for the toilet.

The heat-wave has had its effect not only on our comfort and tempers, but also on our appetites. Hence the long-suffering cook whose ambition soars above the stereotyped recipes of the ordinary cookery-book will cordially welcome the twenty-five new ideas for delicious summer-dishes suggested in the little book just published by "Lemco." Each dish is tempting to the most fastidious palate, and, what is even more important, easily digested. Cooks and housewives should make a point of obtaining this invaluable booklet, entitled "New Ideas for Summer Dinners," from "Lemco," 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C. It will be sent, post free, to any address on application.

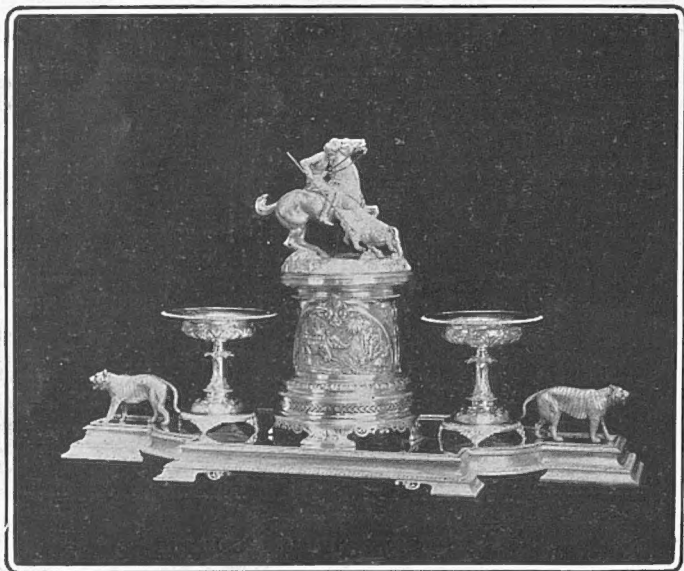
SYBIL.

The *Car Magazine* for August is a very good number and contains much that will interest people who are not numbered in the ranks of automobilists. The illustrations are a special feature and are beautifully printed. In connection with the magazine an "Information Bureau" has now been established, with a view to assist readers in buying or selling cars, advising as to motor-routes at home and abroad, and where to stay when on tour.

Visitors to Southend may have noticed a vast building, overlooking the pier, that has long been silent and unoccupied. Now, however, all this is changed, and the Hôtel Métropole has thrown open its doors to holiday-makers who appreciate a handsomely equipped and luxurious resting-place combined with moderate charges. The three hundred rooms of the Southend Hôtel Métropole owe much of their artistic furnishing to Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, W., that firm being responsible for a great deal of the equipment. There is something of Continental charm about the spacious Winter Garden, the Ball-room is magnificent, and there are many spacious reception-rooms and cosy suites, all most tastefully furnished.

Among the many improvements made by the enterprising Great Western Railway Company in their services this summer, those initiated between England and the South of Ireland, via New Milford and Waterford, take a prominent place. Passengers may leave Paddington at 4.30 p.m. any week-day and arrive at New Milford at 11.15 p.m., and, leaving there twenty minutes later, reach Waterford at 5.45 a.m. next morning. On Friday nights a train also leaves Paddington at 9.15 p.m., passengers by this reaching Waterford at 2.10 p.m. on Saturday. An excellent week-day service also runs in the other direction, the boat leaving Waterford at 7.45 p.m. and arriving at New Milford at 2.45 a.m., connecting there with a fast express for Paddington. On Sundays a special boat leaves Waterford at 7 a.m., arriving at New Milford at 2 p.m. Connections are made with convenient trains from and to the principal English and Irish towns. The Company's buses meet the trains and steamers at Waterford and convey through-booked passengers and luggage between the Adelphi Wharf and the North and South Railway Stations free of charge.

The beautiful centrepiece shown on this page has been specially designed as a polo trophy for India. It is an exceptionally fine



AN ARTISTIC POLO TROPHY.

specimen of the silversmith's art as applied to the realm of sport, and was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., Regent Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

## THE MERE MAN.

THIS year, with greater truth than is usually the case, it may be said that London is deserted. It is undoubtedly the fact that every man, woman, and child who can do so has gone off to places where the hottest day is not so oppressively hot as it is in the streets comprised by the Bills of Mortality, and nowadays the exodus is not confined to the upper and middle classes. Even in the middle of July the "daily-breaders" coming into London by the morning train to get to business were often held up when approaching the terminus by trains full of noisy and happy children. There are so many charitable people and agencies which make it their business to send children from the poorer parts of London into the country that those who never get a glimpse of the sea or the meadow must be few indeed.

August is the brain-worker's holiday-month, and this year the question has once more been propounded, "Why do so many of us go abroad?" There are several reasons why, this year, we have resumed the habit of going to the Continent in vast hordes, and the principal one is the *entente cordiale* which has removed so many causes of offence. Thousands of English people who were used to a Continental holiday refused to go abroad when the campaign of lies organised by the Boer sympathisers was in full swing, and, as a consequence, numbers of foreign holiday-resorts and hotel-keepers whose livelihood depends on English visitors were half-ruined. But that has all passed away, and we have given up exploring the beauties of our own country for the greater change of scenery and scheme of life which is to be found across the Channel.

That is the real reason why so many people have resumed going abroad. In spite of the discomforts caused by a foreign tongue imperfectly understood, and by the dyspepsia which, however angrily it may be denied, inevitably follows on a course of foreign cookery, the absolute change of life is so great that it seems to counterbalance everything else. When once we have got across the Channel, the worries of the past eleven months disappear like magic; everything is so different from the ordinary routine that the mind and brain get more rested and refreshed in a fortnight abroad than they can in a month at home.

But there is another factor which helps towards the annual exodus, and that is the anxiety of British keepers of hotels and rooms to get rich and retire. In France, the man who owns an hotel seems satisfied to remain an hotel-keeper all his life, and meanwhile to make a comfortable living out of his trade. But in these islands there is an unfortunate desire, only too apparent, to make as much money as possible out of the unfortunate visitor and to retire as gentlemen at large at the earliest opportunity. But this can very easily be overdone, and then it leads to disaster, for people will not put up twice with prices which approximate to those of the great, palatial hotels, while the food and accommodation are distinctly second or even third rate. The holiday-maker may be silly enough to bear with this sort of thing for a while; but money is scarce just now, and he soon resents getting such very poor value for his expenditure.

It is worth noting that already there is a cry this year that the English seaside resorts have lost their popularity. Most of them seem crowded, but it is with a different class of people, and everywhere there is the same complaint. There is no money. That is the real crux of the whole business. People who of late years have stayed at a place for a fortnight, now content themselves with a week if they come at all, and unless a place has golf-links it cannot attract any but the cheapest sort of visitor. The people with money have gone abroad, or, at least, that is the verdict of some of the most popular places in the South of England. Even Cowes Regatta this year was not what it used to be, in spite of the glorious weather, which was only marred by the thunder-storm on the Thursday. High charges on the one side and a shortness of money on the other have driven people abroad, for the most striking characteristic of the modern "Mere Man" is his desire to get what he calls full value for his money.

"Rapid Travel in Luxury" is a phrase that appears on the cover of the time-table issued by the Great Central Railway, and a perusal of its contents demonstrates that this enterprising Company is justifying the use of the phrase. Many important accelerations have been made in the train service affecting all parts of the country. Between London (Marylebone) and Leicester the quickest run ever achieved is being made, covering the 103 miles in 105 minutes, or at the rate of 58.8 miles an hour. To Nottingham the journey of 126 miles is accomplished in 131 minutes. The Great Central is the first Company to make a run between London and Sheffield without a stop, performed in the record time of 2 hours 57 minutes. Between London and Manchester the journey is completed in 3 hours 50 minutes, Huddersfield in 3 hours 45 minutes, Halifax in 4 hours 13 minutes, Bradford in 4 hours 30 minutes, York in 4 hours 10 minutes. The service between London (Marylebone) and Stratford-on-Avon has been accelerated and offers the quickest and most convenient route. Many other improvements have been made, and, in connection with the Great Western Railway, the Great Central give an entirely new through-service between Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, and the West of England, via Banbury and Bristol.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.*

## HOLIDAY MARKETS AND GOSSIP.

THE complete absence of business and a temperature of about ninety degrees in the shade have sent most members of the Stock Exchange, who are not engaged in the exciting pastime of being "hammered," off on holiday jaunts, so that the lot of the financial writer in these early days of August is not by any means a happy one. The announcement that the Government were about to borrow £9,250,000 for "Naval and Military Works," and the erroneous

The following table gives the amount of the various distributions and the sums carried forward on the present occasion and for the corresponding half-year of 1903—

	Dividend June 1904. Per cent.	Carried forward. £	Dividend June 1903. Per cent.	Carried forward. £
Brighton..	3½	23,300	3	18,000
Great Eastern ..	1½	16,300	1½	16,100
Great Northern ..	3	41,806	3	22,880
Great Western ..	4	25,600	3½	24,255
Lanc. and Yorks.	3	19,300	3½	37,000
Metropolitan ..	3	21,200	2½	26,000
Midland Def. ..	2	24,707	2½	22,256
North-Eastern ..	5	40,875	5	45,287
North-Western ..	5	74,000	5	80,799
South-Eastern ..	½	10,500	½	17,000
South-Western ..	4	25,977	4	25,546

The Brighton line has done exceedingly well, for, with an increase of £38,426, it has been able to effect a small saving in working expenses and to put up its dividend by ½ per cent., besides making some provision for the improvement of Victoria Station and increasing its carry-over. The Metropolitan has also been successful in reducing expenses, while earning nearly £19,000 more than in 1903; but, on the other hand, the South-Eastern and Chatham result is disappointing, for, while the combined system took £48,433 more than in the corresponding period of last year, the expenses increased by over £22,000, and, although the Chatham Company can increase the payment on its Arbitration Preference from £2 10s. to £2 13s. per cent., the South-Eastern can only maintain last year's distribution, with a carry-forward of £6,500 less.

The outcome of the working of the Great Eastern and South-Western lines is very much the same as last year. The Great Northern, with an increase of £27,000, is able, after repeating last year's dividend, to increase its carry-forward by £19,000, but, as usual, the Midland financial position is not satisfactory, and, with an increase in expenses of £51,000 and larger sums needed for Debenture and Preference interest, the dividend on the Deferred stock has to be reduced.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Company, considering the difficulty which the unsatisfactory condition of the cotton trade has produced, comes out better than most people expected, for, with a decrease of £45,000 in gross take, a saving of £17,000 has been effected in charges, and the dividend has had to be reduced by only ¼ per cent., instead of ½ per cent., as the market anticipated.

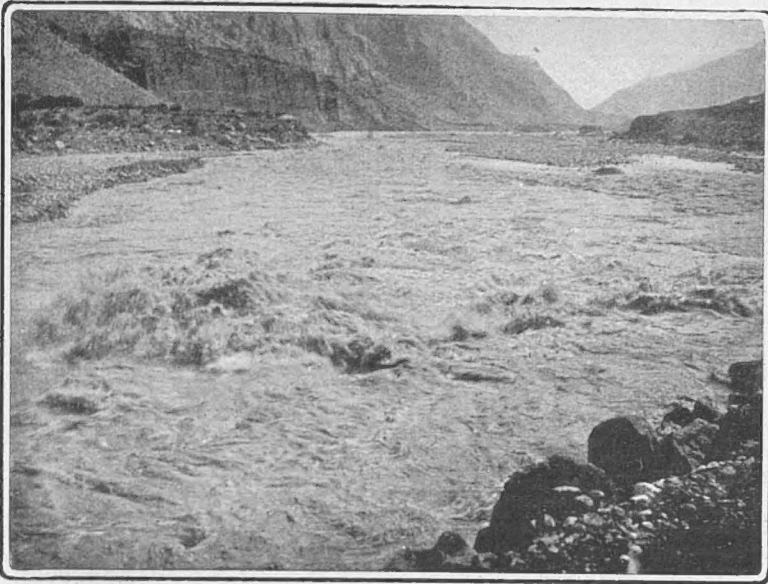
The Great Central is able to distribute £25,000 more than a year ago, and the Great Western raises its dividend by ¼ per cent., with practically the same carry-over.

## INDUSTRIALS.

Among the Industrials, Gas Stocks have been in some request, and with reason, for the reports of both the big London Companies show the advantage which the lower price of coal and the continued demand for residuals have afforded, and we congratulate ourselves that the buying of Gas Light and Coke and South Metropolitan Stocks has been for some time recommended in these columns. There is no better investment than the Ordinary stock of the former Company, which is easily realisable at a moment's notice and yields £4 13s. per cent.

It cannot be said that the International Bank trouble came as a shock to most people in the City, for the concern never took rank among the good-class English Banks, while its methods of doing business, and, of late, its efforts to push foreign premium or lottery bonds, were hardly what might have been expected of a first-class institution.

The trouble came to a head over re-discounting the bills of the North German Pitwood Company, with the bank's endorsement upon them, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the shareholders, that some arrangement may be come to for the speedy sale of the business and goodwill to one of the foreign banks doing business in London



ON THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY: THE RIVER MENDOZA.

conclusion at which the market jumped, that we might expect Exchequer Bonds to be offered at once for some such sum, gave the finishing touch to the already battered Consol Market, and once more the price dipped to nearly 87. The July make-up price was 90½, so that the bulls have, even allowing for the subsequent recovery, to face a drop of about 2½ per cent., and not only is the fall heavy in the premier security, but in the various other gilt-edged issues the depreciation is almost as well marked. The Irish Land stock, which was called six premium a short time ago, has had four points rubbed off, and both the Transvaal Guaranteed and the War Loan are severe sufferers.

The Malacca incident has been disposed of, and the *Knight Commander* affair will surely end in a pacific manner, but none the less do they serve to remind both investors and speculators of the risks which attend Stock Exchange dealings when a big war is raging, and, even when remitted to the pigeon-hole in which are kept the records "of things that were," their memory will act as a strong deterrent to any revival of business.

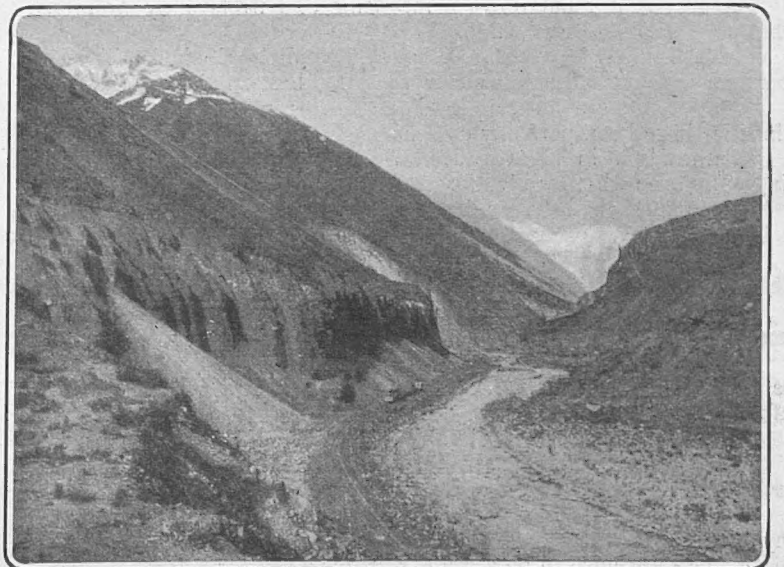
When things are at their worst they begin to mend, and certainly in Kaffirs it looks as if the time of mending had arrived, for, during the last few days, the best class of shares have shown considerable firmness, and the big houses have all to some extent supported their own specialities, while, instead of the doleful stories of Chinese coolies being difficult to recruit and unsatisfactory when obtained, the current gossip would make us believe that the difficulties have been overcome, and that the Chinaman is likely to prove cheaper and better than the Kaffir.

Dr. Jameson's arrival in this country and the rather reserved answer of the Colonial Secretary to a question in the House of Commons have convinced the market that negotiations are afoot for buying out the Chartered Company, or, at least, for relieving it from the government of Rhodesia. The problem bristles with difficulties, and it is doubtful if the present Government would care to deal with it before a General Election; but there is little doubt that on the Company's side an effort will be made to arrive at some arrangement, especially as it is likely to be more favourable to the shareholders if negotiated with the present Ministers than with a Cabinet in which the Radical element is bound to predominate.

## HOME RAILS.

The Railway reports and meetings afford at the moment some small excitement to the professionals; but even the most bullish speech of the most optimistic chairman cannot galvanise into life a market in which the public for the moment takes no interest. In other times, the Great Northern report would have been considered quite favourable, and we have seen good buying of the Deferred stock without half as much reason as can be found in the half-yearly figures just issued.

With the announcement of the London and North-Western distribution, the list is about complete, and, taken altogether, the dividends are quite up to market anticipations. As usual, the actual receipts have turned out to be considerably more than the published figures, but to effect savings in the working expenses seems more difficult than to show satisfactory gross takes.



THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY: EL PARAMILLO DE LES VACAS.

*The Train can be seen creeping up the Valley.*



before all there is to sell disappears. In banking more than in any other form of business the slightest suspicion of unsoundness spells ruin.

Brewery stocks have been flat, especially Allsopps, Watney, Combe, and Co., and City of London. It is beginning to be recognised that the new Licensing Bill will be of more advantage to the Debenture and Preference securities than to the Ordinary stocks, from which the bulk of the compensation will have to come. Schweppe shares have been in favour, the Preference actually changing hands at 21s. and the Deferred at 6s. 6d. Of course, the fine summer has been in the Company's favour, and it should have a good year if weather can be any adequate set-off to over-capitalisation. Mazawattee and Peek Brothers and Winch have been flat on the passing of the interim dividends.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

"The best thing in the Yankee Market is to back Parker for the Presidential Election," remarked a jobber in the American Market to the City Editor the other day. The price is said to be 10 to 7 on Roosevelt; indeed, we know that a good bit of money has been invested at these odds, so we asked our friend, who keeps himself well posted in American politics, the reasons of the faith that was in him, and the substance of his conversation was as follows—

For the first time since Grover Cleveland occupied the White House, the result of the election will make very little difference to the business of the country, for both candidates are "hard money" men without any socialistic leanings. On the whole, Parker's return would probably be the best for the country, as he stands for a more moderate tariff and no foreign adventures, but there is no need for the Yankee speculator to care very much what happens. At the previous two elections all the money-bags were on the side of the Republicans, but this time the Democrats will probably have the biggest election fund, for so far has President Roosevelt offended or frightened the monopolists that, whereas it is known that in each of the two McKinley campaigns the Republicans commanded well over a million sterling, it seems doubtful if one-half that sum will be available on the present occasion, while on the Democratic side the Morgans, the Belmonts, and all the rest of the big financiers, who sulked in their tents when Bryan went out to war, will provide their full quota for Judge Parker. The Republicans claim that they can carry their man without New York State, which our jobber friend declares is sure to go Democratic on this occasion; but this is very doubtful, and, on the whole, in his opinion the chances are very much nearer even money than as expressed by the odds at present obtainable.

#### FINANCE ON A FIRST-CLASS WHERRY.

"Can't possibly," telephoned The House Hunter back. "I know what you're going to say, and I simply can't. Haven't an idea in my head, and, besides, I did you a lot of stuff last week. Think of the heat, too!"

"When you've finished talking," replied The City Editor, "perhaps you'll allow me to ask whether you will go down to Norfolk for a few days with us; I've got a wherry there, and—"

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" demanded The House Hunter, indignantly. "Of course I'll come! This afternoon, did you say, or to-morrow morning? I'm deadly sick of the Stock Exchange and all that therein is. When—?"

"If anyone says a single word about finance," observed The Solicitor, as the wherry raced down a reach before the friendly wind, "his property becomes confiscated, and the proceeds applied to the general good."

"Hear, hear!" assented The House Hunter, luxuriously outspread at full-length in the bows. "Not that property confiscation would affect me—a member of the Stock Exchange—to any extent, though."

"None to confiscate?" asked The Solicitor, sympathetically.

The other gave him an answering nod, and one of the children promptly sat on his head.

The City Editor put down a magazine and irrelevantly wondered whether Consols were still flat.

"How can they be otherwise?" and The Solicitor looked at him with some surprise. "I thought you were always bearish about Consols?"

"So we are, my dear fellow," was the reply. "And you must admit we have been perfectly correct?"

"Father," put in The City Editor's youngest son, "may I take the dinghy and see whether I've forgotten the rowing I learnt last year?"

When matters had shaken down a little The House Hunter recurred to Consols. "What chance have they of improving?" he asked.

"There's the possible end of the Russo-Japanese War," suggested The Solicitor.

"Glad I put my people into Jappy Bonds," The House Hunter complacently remarked.

"But supposing the end of the war doesn't come as soon as we expect it will?" The City Editor said he was asking as for information only.

"It must come sooner or later," insisted The House Hunter.

"'Sooner' or 'later' will surely make all the difference," their host objected.

"Japan is far too eager to Westernise herself for there to be any chance of permanent default," The Solicitor supposed. "But might there not have to be a *moratorium* for a year or two?"

"It seems unlikely to—Ugh!" and The House Hunter wiped his neck with one hand and made a dive with the other at the penny squirt which another of the children had just emptied down his back.

Nobody took any notice of the incident. You don't, on a wherry.

The Solicitor pointed out the disused railway station of Haddiscoe as an example of the way in which Companies wasted their money.

"Great Eastern would be cheap enough in the ordinary way," The City Editor said, "but one may well doubt whether any of the Home Railway stocks are as low as they will touch in the present apathetic state of the public."

The House Hunter sighed heavily. "None of the markets command any public at all nowadays. And I've got to look pleasant to be photographed!" and he submitted to the operation with as much smile as he could summon up at so short a notice.

At supper-time The City Editor's Wife frankly confessed that there was a prospective shortage in butter.

"That's better than being a bear of Yankees in markets like these," somebody said. "Now, if we were short of Milks instead of butter, I admit the situation might be serious."

The City Editor said he hoped to goodness that the man who wrote the next First-Class Conversation wouldn't touch too deeply upon Americans. "He's in town, you see, and I want to write a Note about the Presidential Election to-night."

"If the mosquitos, the glorious evening, and the allurements of a moonlight pull down the Broads will allow you to," added The Solicitor.

"Can't imagine how some folks can be so silly as to attempt to work when they're on holiday," said The House Hunter, fishing in one of the lockers beneath him for more soda-water.

When the Japanese lanterns were finally fixed in the dinghy, The City Editor nobly declared he would stay at home and do his Note.

"Come along, My Lady Molly," quoth The House Hunter, as he helped his hostess and the young lady into the little boat.

"I'm going to speculate myself," My Lady Molly announced.

"Better hadn't," The Solicitor advised her.

"Yes, I shall," she persisted. "I know the awfully nicest man in the Stock Ex—"

"No, no, unfortunately," replied The House Hunter to the *sotto voce* question of his hostess.)

"—and he says he will do it for me."

"Girls do such rash things," The House Hunter replied, thinking of his wife. "You only believe that speculation doesn't pay when you have tried it and lost your money."

"Speculative investment is quite a different matter," said The City Editor's Wife, true voice of her husband.

"In one way," The Solicitor agreed. "But I maintain that investment in good stocks paying, perhaps, 4 per cent. is really the best policy. Ship ahoy!" he sung out, as a roistering crew in a large rowing-boat passed close by. The oars clashed, but the night was too fair for obloquy.

The red moon shone dreamily through the wonderful atmosphere that by day and night brings joy to the heart of the artist, and the occupants of the dinghy gradually fell silent. The night was too darkly beautiful for mere human speech.

As the wherry came into sight again, The City Editor could be heard talking to the skipper, whose answers, in the rich Yarmouth brogue, were audible from afar.

He was explaining that the wherry business had been very prosperous for several years, but that competition was ruining it.

"Competition again!" groaned The House Hunter. "Soon, no doubt, the very skippers will have to buy Wherry shares, submit to limitation of numbers, provide private telephones from the saloon to the buttery, and—"

"Next time you do that, there'll be a row," remarked The City Editor, as the dinghy ran full-tilt into the wherry.

"Oh, get out," was the retort: "just get out!"

"Do you refer to us?" asked My Lady Molly, as The City Editor assisted her to the deck.

"If you want to gamble, you should have a dash in Mount Lyells," was The House Hunter's evasion. "They are a cheap mining share and pay you good dividends."

"With the probability of the mine pinching out," suggested The City Editor.

"It isn't such a bad spec.," The Solicitor observed. "There are heaps of much worse mines."

"I thought we agreed that there was to be no Stock Exchange talk whatever," said The House Hunter, suddenly.

"You did," returned The Solicitor. "And who has done most of it to-day?"

"I'm going fishing to-morrow," The House Hunter irrelevantly replied.

Saturday, Aug. 6, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

G. W. M.—At the time we thought well of Leopoldina shares they were about 3½, which was in 1901 or thereabouts. Your letter has been destroyed, so that we cannot see whether the mistake about the Railway was yours or ours. We think well of Great Northern Deferred, and Anglo-French should certainly improve if and when Kaffirs go better.

R. G.—You could not have a safer investment.

E. B.—Golf has nothing to do with the City Editor.

NORTH BERWICK.—The Company was too much over-capitalised to please us. It was a promotion of Mr. Hooley's. You would do better to buy *Lady's Pictorial* Pref., or C. A. Pearson Pref., or Gas Light and Coke Ordinary.